THE METROPOLITAN.

JUNE 1832.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous Communications lie at the Publishers'.

The Parts of Spectator—A. B.—V. S.—Jaques.—W. R.—S. S.—R. A.—J. K. &c. &c. will not suit us.

*** "The Return of the Victors" is received, also "Scenes in Belgium," too late for this month.

ERRATA IN No. FOR APRIL.

Page 364, line 18, from the bottom, *for* swimming *read* sinking.
445, 6, „ epidemics *read* endemics.

TO CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY 1832.

When I would sing thy beauty's light,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring
For ever round thee, *which* to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou *art*,
Then all thou *wert* comes o'er my heart,—
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,
Or peeping out,—like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own loved Abbey-tower
I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chacing ev'n Age's gloom away ;—
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,

Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,
To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh;—
A creature, circled by a spell
Within which nothing wrong could dwell,
And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course,
Like Arethusa through the sea,
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!
As noble bride, still meekly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian leaves
Her rose, too, high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair,
To choose were more than bard can dare;
Wonder not if, while every scene
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,
Th' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest
Of beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE WELLINGTON FAILURE.

THE dread of a Tory administration in which the Duke of Wellington, it appears from his Grace's own statements in the House of Lords, was only not to be ostensible minister, is now extinct, and the country respires again. It is clear, that his Grace would have worked his administration from behind the scenes. By a conduct, which under the present circumstances of the country, a perfect ignorance of its position could alone have suggested, the duke found himself invested with power through the intrigues of political profligacy, and determined to use it for the advantage of his own party. He, who just before had signed a protest with seventy-four other peers, stigmatising Reform as "revolutionary;"—he, who had declared the House of Commons one "perfect chrysolite" in purity, with breathless haste engaged to form an administration of which an extensive reform should be the primary condition. Now it is in vain to evade this truth by the shallow pretence that his Grace did not mean to be minister—it is vain to assert that he could not, from an overwhelming sense of duty, leave the King "alone"—his Grace consented to form a ministry in opposition to principles which he had anathematised in a protest, the ink of which was scarcely dry, and there can be no doubt in the minds of those who know any thing of politics and political men, that his Grace by manœuvring *au secret* would have been viceroy over those who composed it. In times past it was supposed, that so long as a public man made all appear plausible in parliament, no one would sift his conduct, much less presume to imagine that a fashion, designated in a sister island "blarney," could be adopted by any but the common vulgar. It does happen, however, in these days of innovation and impertinent knowledge, that the world has discovered that even heroes are not taller than other men—that Julius Cæsar was a gentleman, bald on the head, and less than seven feet high, and by no means the character which John Kemble would have strutted on tiptoe to represent. It is one of the misfortunes, brought on the country by the march of intellect, that a brave and gallant soldier or sailor may be thought, and proved, out of his profession, a very common man, and that even an ex-chancellor, of course one of immaculate political character, inflexible consistency, and a contemner of intrigue, may not be a good cabinet maker or premier in the eyes of the British people.

We are, perhaps, too particular in our ideas upon the conduct of public men. We cannot agree with the old school of statesmen and politicians, in the doctrines of Machiavelli, (or rather in what the clever Italian reprobated,) that faith and common honesty are to be discarded in cabinets and in state affairs. We do not think that duplicity and underhand dealing are necessary to "social order" or the happiness of free nations, and though they have been heretofore, what Lord Eldon would call "part and parcel" of our "venerable" political system, under Tory guidance, we do not the less condemn them. If any are of opinion, after the Duke of Wellington's speech, that we do him wrong, (and sorry should we be to do wrong, to his Grace more especially,) we only say, that the ultra-Tory party, his Grace's *quondam* friends, agree with us in our view of the matter. The Earl of Mansfield admits, that the Duke de-

clined office for himself—and so do we. The Earl also admits that the Duke meant to give his "*conscientious*" support to those he nominated and so do we. Now we ask what is the difference then between the Duke's telling Mr. Baring or Sir Robert Peel, "Come you into office, I will not appear; carry through what his Majesty insists upon, 'an extensive measure of Reform,' and I will give you my *conscientious* aid;" or his Grace's bowing to the King, kissing hands, and carrying through the reform measure himself? The latter we should call the candid and honest plan, however inconsistent with his Grace's protests, and the pledges that still are warm on his lips; the former, the real scheme proposed to be acted upon, we will not characterize, for we do not like to use harsh terms. Some politicians have wide swallows, and while conscientious men nibble at a kernel, they can gorge a mountain. The Duke had gone as far, or further, than Lord Mansfield in his opposition to the Bill; yet, says the latter, the Duke, "he had reason to believe in the progress of the Reform Bill, was prepared to make concessions in which it was impossible for him (Lord Mansfield) to concur." What could have effected this miraculous conversion in the mind of the Duke of Wellington? Either one of two things—the love of place and power, or sympathy for the king's unhappy, unparalleled situation! Yet that every monarch of England had been left in a similar situation several times in the course of his reign is a well-known fact, and it is natural to inquire why the case of William IV. is more pathetic, more entitled to public, or private, or ducal sympathy, than that of any of his immediate predecessors? We take it, his Majesty, from his warm heart and good commonsense, is much more likely to rally friends round him than George IV. was, with his hollow politeness, and total want of common feeling with his people.

In the recent attempt at cabinet making, first my Lord Lyndhurst, of all the privy-councillors of his Majesty, manages to be sent for, and his lordship naturally goes afterwards to the Duke of Wellington: for this person must have been sagacious enough to feel that his forming a cabinet (particularly one of his own colour, best designated perhaps by what the French call *Isabelle*) would have been matter of satire for one month, and of laughter for twelve.

The Duke's defence of his own conduct is plausible. We do not believe his Grace had any share before-hand in concocting the scheme for the postponement of Schedule A. We might state something upon the management *de complot*, which would be edifying to sucking statesmen of the Tory school; but the scheme has failed, and to rake up the kennel of its managers' inconsistency, intrigue, and cunning, would now be to offend the nostrils of his Majesty's lieges without any useful object.

Respecting the Duke's conduct, his apologists begin by begging the question, that he is superior to all other individuals, in disinterestedness towards place and power; and moreover that his Grace being a great soldier, is therefore the first of politicians. The last position is too nonsensical to be worthy serious refutation. His Grace, when in power, did a great deal of good. The Catholic Bill he conceded against his own predilections. His error seems to be in thinking he may act in the same way on any political question. That, as in war so in politics, all stratagems are lawful, and that circumstances sanctify all changes, and this, speaking not abstractedly, from the individual who effects them. We charge

his Grace with no wish but to do good to his country, serving his party at the same time; yet we are not to be the victims of his mistakes. If he do not possess political foresight—if he get within the horns of a dilemma, it is not the fault of the people of England. Had he not declared himself the uncompromising enemy of all reform, he might, at the head of affairs, have been the enviable instrument to carry it through. The duty of the minister is not always the arbitary decision of his own will; he is the centre in which the wishes of the governed meet, for the purpose of active fulfilment; he is only the acting agent of the nation. If he cannot inform himself of its wishes, of its inclinations and necessities, long before they appeal to him openly, he has not a claim to the title of a great statesman. He will see the signs of the future, and not commit himself beforehand upon a point which, in an incredibly short time, may become a political necessity.

The love of power is natural to all minds not of the lowest order. It is not the desire of power, but the mode of its attainment, that stamps its possession with criminality. The Duke erred in the mode of attainment. It is absurd to suppose for a moment that had he consolidated his reform cabinet, and supported it covertly he would not have still directed every public measure. His Grace's speech on the 17th ult. though very cleverly masking this point, tells the fact by inference. The King would have an extensive measure of reform carried by the new ministry. "Sire, I have recently opposed all reform, I have stated that it is mischievous to the country, I have protested against it in writing. I cannot be your Majesty's minister, nor sanction any ministry, secretly or openly, that declares in its favour, by my countenance. Your Majesty has many able men among my friends—men versed in the political relations of the country, who admit some reform to be necessary, which I do not, and who will assent to a moderate degree of it. There is the Duke of Buckingham, who has a plan to lay before your Majesty for such a measure: or if a broader one is required, than that of your Majesty's late ministers, my Lord Ellenborough is for admitting scot and lot voters. For myself I must not, deeply as I regret it, commit the integrity of that, which once lost, even your Majesty cannot give back to me."

Such should have been the answer of the Duke of Wellington—of one who had nobly won renown of another kind, and who could afford to leave to others the contest for a glory very dubious in attainment under such circumstances. The Duke was willing to serve "in any capacity," or "in no capacity," in the new reform cabinet. But why?—because the Duke was of opinion that to create peers was ruinous to the independence of the House of Lords, and a greater evil than the revolutionary bill, though that bill was "calculated to injure, if not destroy, the monarchical institutions of the country!" We will examine this reasoning presently. Farther, a motive which seems to have exceeded all others in the noble Duke's estimation, arose from his being "called upon to rescue the sovereign from the embarrassment in which he was placed by his own ministers." But how is his Majesty to be freed from these embarrassments at last? His Grace informs the King he cannot succeed in the undertaking. Here is a fresh instance of his Grace's want of political foresight, in that he hopelessly volunteered "to rescue his sovereign" and to preserve the monarchy by the non-creation of peers, at the expense of his own pledges, which a Treasury-clerk must have

seen was worse than Quixotic, if but one-third of the House of Lords possessed common honesty, and the House of Commons kept up its large majorities against the bill. The Ultra-Tories deserted the Duke on the Catholic question, they would not support reform, it was clear now; and though the Whigs would have supported an efficient measure, they would not have voted for one clipped of its efficiency. We are at a loss to guess what price the Duke puts upon consistency, principle, and political character.

We must honestly avow that we think the Duke's explanation as little satisfactory, both to his friends, who stand consistently by their previous avowals, as it is to the people of England in general. His Grace's conduct and explanation can admit of no misconception; "there can be no mistake;" they are utterly unworthy his great name. His arguments were shallow, though he pleaded his cause with ingenuity, but he convinced nobody, not even by alluding to his Majesty's distress. His Grace's rhetoric is ill-fitted to touch the passions by tragic appeals, still less to disguise his deep-rooted affection for that party in the state which is most arbitrary in its nature, narrow in its views, and mischievous in its operations. It is true the Duke rose under that system, while the nation was racked by it, and his partiality for it is not unnatural; but neither the partialities nor antipathies, even of the Duke of Wellington, must influence the destinies of his country, while they are so much at variance with its best interests.

But the late ministers are again in office, in plenitude of power; and the Bill, there is a clear prospect, will be carried through the house, and this dreaded revolutionary measure accomplished! We confess the alarm we recently felt at the state of the country from the non-passing of the Bill; it looked very like something revolutionary: nothing worse can happen if the Bill pass; and we trust as this is the whole truth, the consideration may administer consolation to those who give a "reluctant" vote in its favour. We, who had opportunities of seeing for ourselves, were appalled at the symptoms of tumult and sedition displayed around us. Violent placards pasted on walls—seditious songs, and even incitements to active disturbance, most of them no doubt originating in Tory agents—for many of the party would have enjoyed an excuse for an appeal to the *ultima ratio* of Tories as well of tyrants—these things looked far more revolutionary than the Bill. The people of England are a sober, reflecting, determined people. The knowledge they now possess enables them to feel that the constitutional mode of redress is best. That while the House of Commons does its duty, they need not resort to those measures, which with the Commons faithful to them are useless, and thus afford pleasure to their enemies; for the House being firm to its duty, the consequence must be victory to the people, and that victory came at the moment when many began seriously to reflect whether England was to be governed for ever by an oligarchy in the House of Lords, and how they should act in consequence. Well did Earl Grey caution the House of Lords not to come into collision with the Commons and people, and to its honour he might have added, with the crown.

But Earl Grey and the Bill were the causes of all this mischief, say that class of persons who never reason at all. We think differently; the Bill has been a safety-valve for the popular feeling. Public opinion, surveying the corruption, and profligacy, and taxation, which have been

heaped by the oligarchy upon the nation for the last sixty or seventy years, began to turn round in search of some remedy, and fortunately adopted the right, namely, to purge out the corruption of the popular branch of the government. This has been the preservative of the country: it is the constitutional remedy, and has prevented, or will prevent, a tremendous revolution, which the Duke of Wellington could not foresee to be the alternative.

But the Peers—there are two ways by which the Bill may be carried, one by those Peers remarkable for their patriotic spirit, and pure zeal for king and country, such as my Lord Carnarvon,* Lord Winchilsea, and others, absenting themselves if they fear offence by thirty or forty new members being added to the "order," or by the much-censured creation itself. Now, by the same principle which allows the King to make half a dozen Peers, he may make forty; the only objection is to the particular purpose. We are of opinion we should have quite enough of members in the House of Peers, had we a hundred Peers less, because the peerage should be respectable, and being multiplied too far, it diminishes both in respect and value. But the power which the King holds of making Peers was vested in him, among other causes, to prevent collision between the two houses. The Commons are dissolved at the King's pleasure, and in any case were the King and Lords united on any public question which the Commons refused to pass, the latter would be dissolved. The Lords have no check over them but a new creation, and it is to be regarded as an extraordinary resource in the hands of the sovereign to meet emergencies. The people very properly called on the Commons to stop the supplies the other day—a natural demand. But suppose the Commons did this, and the Lords were still obstinate, anarchy would ensue, if the King's prerogative came not in to create a fresh batch, and save the country. We are free to admit that only an extreme case can justify such a step: it is ungracious, and sounds harshly, touching the free expression of opinion and the independence of the House of Lords.

How is this necessity to be borne out on the present occasion? We think we can show this, independently of the danger of preventing a collision between the Houses.

The borough owners in the House of Lords will lose in influence by losing nomineeships; and by hard cash at every election where seats might be purchased of them. We believe a lord to be just as sensitive respecting his interests, as any other individual in society, whether dealing in a legal or illegal traffic. A portion of the Peers, owners of boroughs, are willing to resign their unlawful influence for the public benefit; another portion will struggle for it to the last. In respect to the second class of Peers, who oppose the Bill, we have only to mention, that nearly all the Bishops, and no less than two-thirds of the Peers, have been manufactured during the Tory administrations, which have been almost uniformly in power for

* This nobleman's bitter opposition to Lord Grey arises, we have been told, from his having been neglected when the present ministry was formed, by some oversight or other. If this be true, our readers will appreciate the Noble Lord's patriotism. Lord Grey has tested one old friend this way, and the Tories, according to custom, have recruited their ranks with a renegade Whig. It is to be lamented his lordship was not admitted into the cabinet in place of the turn-about Tory, Lord Goderich.

the last fifty or sixty years. They are deeply tinctured with the faded prejudices of their party. They are ever expressing doctrines analogous to the times gone by, when the reign of darkness and Toryism was in its glory. They abhor a Whig, as a Catholic abhors a heretic; and they think a House of Commons freely elected by the people, the most heterodox of aberrations from their own most pure and infallible doctrines. We doubt, for our own part, whether the business of the country can go on with a Whig, or a popular ministry, and a Tory House of Lords. Thus, strong reasons beside the mere carrying of the Reform Bill appear in favour of a creation of peers, to place on somewhat of an equality the two interests of Whig and Tory; for if questions involving the national welfare, of a different character from the present, come into collision with Tory prejudices, they may be defeated. The House of Lords is not an independent house at this moment, if by independent we designate the unprejudiced feeling in all its members, which the constitution supposes them to possess, and which would make them consider any political question which came before them with real indifference to all but its abstract merits. It is not extraordinary that so many of them cling to the prejudices of the party which created them; it is a natural result; but the positive existence of a large majority of Tory peers, or Whig peers, or those of any particular party in the House, is a crying evil; nor is it extraordinary that the country should desire to see it removed. If asked whether we think the proposed creation proper, we should reply we had rather it were not the alternative. We do not wish to see the proud house humbled like a high-spirited child. But Lord Grey cannot go on with the present Tory house, that is clear; nor can any enlightened administration. If the stumbling-block of Reform be removed by any other means than an infusion of more liberal men into the peerage, in three months after the Bill passes, the Whigs will be out, or we shall see some fresh squabble with the Commons.

The dislike of the sovereign to an extensive creation of Peers, was, no doubt, increased by every artifice that cabal and intrigue could set in operation for the purpose. Nothing, however, has been gained by such arts, except a delay, prejudicial to the public, and agitating to the country. The House of Commons has by no means felt inclined to bow to the arrogant position of the Lords, and to submit at their frown of defiance. It has been honourably vindicated as the representative body of the people, in a question concerning itself. It has declined to cover with eternal infamy its own majorities, and to sacrifice the interests of the people, for the gratification of the Tory lords. Not less praiseworthy has been the conduct of the ministry; had it divided against itself, the country would have been ruined. If we escaped the horrors of civil war, it would only be to subject ourselves to the penal enactments of the Tories, until resistance became no less the alternative than the overwhelming duty of the people. To the firmness of Lord Grey, the obligations of the country are immense. His lordship has been slandered, treated with intemperance unmatched in the Upper House, taunted, and even insulted, but he has carried himself with unrivalled equanimity and temper, and proved himself a truly great statesman. He abandoned no principle to cling to office. He stood by the people of England. Conscious of his integrity, and the strength of his cause, he pursued his determined course; the broad course of honour and patriotism, amid the

hubbub of the opposing faction. the personal attacks made upon him, and angry declamations, never before heard to break the imposing decorum of parliament. To Earl Grey our eulogiums are superfluous and useless, but they are not the less at his service; as though trivial in the scale, they are sincere.

The conduct of the Duke of Wellington did not deceive the members of the lower House, nor those who were his friends. Sir Robert Peel was not again to be drawn in to support a measure he had all along opposed, and to surrender his character once more to the great man's use, though Sir Robert's exceeding affection for "the Lord of the Forest," whose name in politics reminds us of a character in Tom Jones, with whom we should not willingly avow relationship, elicited a sneer from the ministerial side of the House, and a faint smile like a symptom of derision from the opposition. Certain members of the lower House of Parliament, were not, as was calculated upon, to be set up as blinds for the salvation of the Duke's consistency. The moral influence of the Duke's name has fallen to zero in the Commons. Sir R. Inglis spoke pretty openly the feeling of his friends upon the Duke's conduct, and indicated the course they would pursue.

"If," said Sir Robert "after the protest, and after leading the attacks on the Bill, the noble Duke now takes office to support it, he could not think him entitled to support on the ground of consistency." Mr. Davis Gilbert leaned to the same opinion. Nothing in the Duke's subsequent speech changed the nature of these remarks, for his Grace's *covert* support to the Bill would have been as inconsistent as if he gave it openly. We ask what confidence the nation could have had in such a minister again; and giving the Duke the full benefit of his explanation, we ask if the party supporting such a disingenuous mode of proceeding is not for ever lost in the esteem of the country? We rejoice it is so; that divided among themselves, shattered by the love of place and power in some, and the very integrity of others in adhering to their professions, the Tory interest has received a blow from its friends which it can never recover. The House of Commons has acted nobly. With all its corruptions its history has been that of our public liberties. Sometimes for a considerable period together, dead except in the voices of a few upright men, it has become resuscitated, and struggled for the people anew—the barrier between a hungry oligarchy and popular prostration. The period is nigh for which, during several ages of our national history, the best spirits in the land have laboured. The House of Commons will shortly cease to be the instrument of any corrupt minister, who plays the tyrant under the mask of its guardianship. We have had dinned into our ears, over and over again, applied to modern times by the Tories, their miserable lamentation at what their laureate styles "evil days." What the latter means, we neither know nor care; perhaps a new era of persecution against the bishops and a prospective supplement of their sufferings for a new edition of Fox's Book of Martyrs. What the Tories mean we well know, when we look at their decadence. For our own parts, so far do we differ with these high authorities, that when we see the firm conduct of his Majesty's ministers and their scorn of place, at the expense of their protests and professions, and when we look at the state of civilization and advancing knowledge, coupled with the downfall of the arbitrary and worm-eaten creed of the Tories, so far from

being of this opinion, we see matter of exultation in that England is again going to "teach the nations how to live"—we are filled with glorious anticipations of our country's future prosperity.

The Duke of Wellington did not want panegyrists either in the House of Lords or Commons, who puffed him to an extent that would have shocked Mr. Eady, or even Colburn and Co.: disinterestedness, magnanimity, sympathy for suffering majesty, devotedness, patriotism, admiration, were applied unsparingly to express a very common act of a privy councillor; like all other men, endeavouring to extend his own principles, influence, and power. Mr. Baring attempted, awkwardly enough, to apologise for the Duke, by stating, that his Grace would have been ashamed to crawl about the metropolis, if he did not go to the King under the circumstances. But no one blames the Duke for performing a duty—no one censures his Grace's cheerful visit to his Majesty. The matter for censure is his Grace's advice—his Grace's evasion of his pledges by contriving a ministry in which he might or might not hold office, but which he could support "conscientiously," in introducing an extensive measure of reform, the very shadow of which he reprobated. In other words, manufacturing a Punch and Judy administration, the strings of which his Grace would pull and make to squeak out the "reform" he abhorred; instead of candidly saying to his Majesty what we have already stated would be worthy Marlborough, Peterborough, or Wellington. His majesty's distress was not so imminent; there is a numerous band of privy councillors, and though not in a military sense, undoubtedly in a political one, the King might exclaim with him in Chevy Chase:—

> "I trust I have within my realm,
> Five hundred as good as he."

We are sincere in our sorrow at the fall in the estimation of the public which the Duke of Wellington must experience after his recent conduct. Distinguished men, like his Grace, are part of the richest jewels of a country, and in the exhibition of their frailties their country suffers. Most of the Peers who have made an opposition to the Bill, are very insignificant as public characters, and what they say or how they act is thought nothing about, they are but of the common level; they bear no dazzling renown on their shoulders. It is not thus with a name which is destined to flourish in British history; and we would fain not have to drop the curtain upon a brilliant career, as it was dropped a century ago upon an equal in the field, but a far better statesman, of whom it was also written,

> "From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

Here we must close for the present, entreating our readers to believe that in our remarks the good of our country is our only spring of action, and that whether brought about by Whig or Tory, it is the same to us if that end be gained. These are no common times, and we take our stand of the two grand divisions, (one of which clings to the darkness of the past, and the other to the dawn of a brighter era,) with that which the arbiter of human destiny has formed for increasing in some future time, when their present tumultuous struggle for superiority is over, the sum of human happiness.

O.

CHIT CHAT.

Every one says that I am an odd person; I presume I am, and so is every one else taken singly. I can prove that by Cocker. One and one make two—two is even, one is odd, I am but one. There's logic for you. I am also a rambler by temperament. I ramble my person at my own free will, and my mind rambles quite indifferent as to its intimate connexion with the former. I look at the stars, and my thoughts are of women—I look at the earth, and my thoughts run upon heaven—I frequent the opera, and moralize upon the world and its vanities—I sit in my pew at church, and my thoughts ramble every where in spite of my endeavours and those of the parson to boot—I live in town all the year, because it's the fashion to be here in the season, and because I prefer London most when I can walk about where there is nobody to interrupt me. In the season, I am allowed to walk into every body's house, very often get an invite to fill up an odd corner, and as there generally is an odd corner at every party, and I do not stand at a short notice, I eat more good dinners than most people. I am not a fool, and yet not too clever, so that poised in that happy medium, I hear all, see all, know a great deal of what is going on, and hold my tongue. When people inhabit their town houses, I spend the whole day going from one to the other. I consider a house the only safe part of the metropolis. Were I to frequent the street during the season, I am so apt to fall into a brown study, that I'm certain to be jostled until I am black and blue—I have found myself calculating an arithmetical problem at a crossing, and have not been aware of my danger until a pair of greys sixteen hands high in full trot have snorted in my face—I am an idler by profession, live at a club, sleep at chambers, and have just sufficient means to pay my way and indulge my disposition. But I've not stated why I particularly like town when it is empty. It is because I feel relieved of all the fashionable et ceteras. By the time the season is over I am tired of dinners, of wine, of the opera, the eternal announcement of visitors at parties and balls, the music, the exotics, the suppers, the rattling of carriages, and the rattling of tongues. I rejoice at last to find London *en déshabille*—I can then do as I please without any fear of losing my character as a fashionable man. I consider that I can in London extract more amusement in a given quantity of ground than at any other place. A street will occupy me for a whole day; with an indifferent coat, and nothing but silver in my waistcoat pocket, I stop at every shop-window and examine every thing. Should it so happen that the prices are affixed to every article displayed, I make it a rule to read every one of them. I know therefore when Urling's lace is remarkably cheap, the value of most articles of millinery, the relative demands for boots, shoes, and hats, and prices of "reach-me-downs" at a ready-made warehouse. At a pawnbroker's shop-window I have passed two or three hours very agreeably in ascertaining the sums at which every variety of second-hand goods are "remarkable cheap," from a large folio Bible as divinity, flutes and flageolets as music, pictures and china as taste, gold and silver articles as luxury, wedding rings as happiness, and duelling pistols as death.

I could not of course indulge in these peripatetic fancies during the season without losing *caste*, but there is a season for all things.

Talking about seasons, there never has been such an unseasonable season for gentlemen of my class as the present season. What a month of May has this been! The little princes of the sovereign people frolicking about in the full costume of their order, with Jack in the Green as their preceptor, were all washed down the kennels and disappeared after the first day. Instead of dinner parties, we have had nothing but Whig and Tory parties—instead of marriages, political unions—instead of "music," we have had "discord." The "concerts" have all been political. The politics have made the women cross, and the men stark staring mad. Now, I am no politician, I do not care one farthing whether Lord Grey squashes the close boroughs, and opens the House of Peers, or whether Lord Wellington modifies the destruction of the former, and deprecates the "*swamping*" of the latter. I presume, if the reform is passed, that we shall have just as much bribery and corruption as before; the great reform required is for every man to reform himself. This I do know, that as far as reform affects me, I am no advocate for it; I have been comparing my book of last year with the present, and found that I had four invitations to one. If you call this reform, the devil may take such reform, say I. Even where I do go out, I am obliged to eat my words of the preceding day along with my dinner, for my acquaintance is indiscriminately Whig and Tory; and although I might venture to disagree with mine host, yet the ladies have taken up the cudgels, and I dare not dissent from the politics of mine hostess, unless I wish to be erased from her porter's list.

I have, in consequence, ventured out more into the streets, and to divert myself during the Babel-like discussion about things that nobody who prates in the slightest degree understands, I go about to exhibitions—get hold of friends of assimilating tastes, and drop in here, and pop in there, and look at this, and bargain for the other, perfectly indifferent whether the objects for sale are pictures of the poor Lord ——, or the plate of the rich Mr. Watson Taylor—to me a Teniers or a tea-pot are equally valuable, (respectively I mean, each after its fashion,) coming from one source or another; and, consequently, I run about from sale to sale, and from show to show, listening and learning for my own advantage, and writing and repeating for the edification of others.

Talking of pictures, by the way, what a marvellous falling off is there in Wilkie!—a misfortune arising, as I take it, from a struggle after novelty of style. There is a portrait of the King by him in Somerset House Exhibition, like nothing on earth but a White Lion on its hinder legs, and there was one a year or two since of George the Fourth in a Highland dress—a powerful representation of Lady Charlotte Bury, dressed for Norval. Look at that gem of art, his Blind Fiddler now in the National Gallery, or at his Waterloo Gazette, or at the Rent Day, and compare any one of them with the senseless stuff he now produces, and grieve. His John Knox—ill placed for effect, as relates to its height from the ground, I admit; but look at that—flat as a tea-board—neither depth nor brilliancy. Knox himself strongly resembling in attitude the dragon weathercock on Bow steeple, painted black. Has Wilkie become thus demented in compliment to Turner,

the Prince of Orange (colour) of artists? Never did man suffer so severely under a yellow fever, and yet live so long. I dare say it is extremely bad taste to object to his efforts; but I am foolish enough to think that one of the chief ends of art is to imitate nature as closely as possible. Look, for instance, at Copley Fielding's splendid drawing in the Water Colour Exhibition, of vessels in a gale off Calshot; and certainly I have never yet seen any thing either animal or vegetable at all like the men, women, trees, grass, mountains, which appear in Mr. Turner's works.

This is of course an individual opinion, but I think it may be expressed without any fear of incurring a charge of ill-nature, when one thing is recollected. Copley Fielding cannot be a bad artist; Prout cannot be a bad artist; Nash cannot be a bad artist; De Vint, Stanfield, Reinagle, Calcott, none of these can be called bad artists; yet not one of these gentlemen, eminent as they are, produce anything like Turner's drawings. Now if they are all wrong, Mr. Turner is quite right; but it is utterly impossible *he* should be so, if they are.

Everybody knows the story of the sign-painter in the country, who could paint nothing but a red lion; and accordingly he advised every inn-keeper and alehouse-keeper in the neighbouring village, who applied to him, to have the sign of the Red Lion. This did very well for a considerable time, and the painter practised so successfully that not a hamlet or town, for ten miles round, that had not its red lion; until at length a new-comer, who, like Daniel of old, thought there were quite as many lions round him as were wanted, suggested to the artist that he should like to have a swan for the sign of his small concern. In vain the painter protested, Boniface was resolute. "Well," said the rural Apelles, "if you will have a swan you must, but you may rely upon it when it is finished, it will be so like a red lion, you would not know the difference." So Turner, if he were to paint a black-bird, it would be so like a canary when it was finished, you would not know one from the other.

Talking of birds—a man told me a story last week, which I can hardly believe. He was a hunter and a voyager. In justice to some of that "order," I beg to say it was neither the agreeable and enterprising Keppell, nor the correct Basil Hall, but it was an amphibious tour-writer, and that sufficeth. He told me, that in a particular district of Africa, there exists a race of black men and women, who are oviparous, that is to say, that the females lay eggs, which eggs the father, with a proper degree of pride, carefully preserves in a magnificent sort of buffete, universally placed in every house in the kingdom; and that when the parents consider that from circumstances it may be agreeable to have a family, the mother (and sometimes, if she has any unmarried sisters, who have leisure time on their hands, and are fond of sedentary amusements, they are also pressed into the service, and thus become godmothers) sits upon as many eggs as she conveniently can, and hatches her offspring; the period of incubation being somewhat about ninety days. Now this story startled me I confess, but my friend asserted its truth in such forcible terms, that any protracted scepticism must have terminated at Chalk Farm or Wormwood Scrubs—then I gave in; not, however, without asking him how it happened that the fact did not appear in his work, recently published; to which he replied, that he

had abstained from mentioning the fact, until he could, in a second edition, illustrate his statement by proof, and that there was at this moment a respectable lady, of the name of Smith, living in the City Road, who had undertaken to do her duty by five eggs, which my ingenious friend had brought to England, and that she had already been four weeks and three days sitting, and continued with the most exemplary assiduity to fulfil her task. I mention the lady's name and place of residence, so that a reference may be made if required.

I had not quitted my traveller more than ten minutes, when I met H——e, and told him the story. "Well," replied he, "there may be something in it, at all events cannibalism would not be quite so disgusting; for what with her eggs and his bacon one might toss up a tolerable sort of dish. Do you know, I rather like the idea. Only conceive now, a prudent gentleman in the city, after he has balanced his accounts for the last year, and found that he has £10,000 three per cents. more than the preceding, going to his wife, rubbing his hands and saying, My dear, I think we may venture to sit an egg now; and the dame Partlet, so overjoyed, making her nest, &c." "Yes," replied I, "it might do there, but how would it be at the west end of the town? Only think now if any of the ladies were sitting, and the Duke of Devonshire was to give a party. Every nest in May Fair would be deserted, and all the eggs addled." "Very true," replied he, "then they must not do as the birds, hatch in the spring of the year. It must be in the autumn, when the gentlemen are shooting and hunting." By the bye, I fell in with M—— the other day, and he told me a story which I believe, because he never tells a fib. He says that when they were at Rangoon, there was a young white elephant, which had been taken by the Burmah hunters, and of course was looked upon as most sacred. It was very young and had not left off sucking at the time of its capture. When the news was sent up to Umnerapoora, the order came down to provide a large house for it, and twenty-four of the finest young wet-nurses that the town could produce, to bring him up. M—— went to see it. It was about three feet high, of a sandy red colour, very far from white. It was in a very large room, and was surrounded by his nurses, all fine young women; some were amusing themselves at drafts, others working, &c. and they all seemed very happy and contented. A short time after M—— went in, the little demi-god felt hungry or thirsty, and went to one of the girls, who was lying on the floor, and commenced poking her with his trunk; she refused to get up, to teaze the animal, but at last he put his trunk round her neck and pulled her away from the draft-board. She then rose laughing, and the little animal embraced her waist with his trunk, and very soon drew all her supplies from her. He then proceeded to another, and another, until he was satisfied. These nurses were changed, if they fell off in their nourishment, and it was considered quite an honour to be selected for this office.

As I happen to be on the subject of natural history, may I venture to recommend to the notice of such persons as may not have read it, a little book, called "*Gleanings of Nature*," written by a remarkably late good looking person, of the name of Jesse, who once was a Commissioner of Hackney Coaches, when the board existed, and who behaved in the most gentlemanly and least Commissioner-like manner to me upon an occasion when I was compelled to summon a Jarvey before him, who

would not properly account for three large hair-trunks, a double-barrelled gun, two cabinet pictures, a dressing-case, a carpet-bag, and a new blue boat-cloak, which I had left by accident in his coach.

Mr. Jesse (who is now, as I see by the title page of the Gleanings, a Deputy-Ranger of His Majesty's parks) has made as agreeable a book as can be read. It is said that a man universally praised is invariably a stupid fellow, about whom nobody cares—not so a publication, like Mr. Jesse's, which has had the singular good fortune to be commended by all parties.

Among other sights, I was induced to go and visit the "Fleas," last Saturday. Never was there such an imposition; instead of being harnessed, they were tied by the hind legs, and the combatants, poor wretches! were pinched by the tails in tweezers, and of course moved their legs in their agony. Well, thought I, as I went out, I have been in Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, and have passed many a restless night, but hang me if ever I was so flea bitten in my life as I have been to day; and I thought of my shilling and the old proverb.

I have been reading De Vigne's America, and I wonder what that excellent brewer and prodigiously great man, Mr. Fowel Buxton, thinks of the state of slavery in America, in some part of which free country there exists a penal law against the education of a "nigger." The Committee of Lords appointed to inquire into the state of slavery in our West India colonies, will, we conclude, get at the truth, *if they can;* but we really believe nothing short of a personal investigation would produce a true idea of the condition of the blacks, or a fair exposure of the wanton libels and shameless calumnies, with which the much-injured planter has been so long and so assiduously aspersed. To be sure, Lord Mulgrave may interweave his observations upon the society of Jamaica in his next novel, and present Downing Street, and Burlington Street, with the same materials; but this is certain, if he tells the truth in his despatches to Lord Goderich, he will soon be superseded, as Lord Belmore has been, for his honesty.

There is a picture of Lord Mulgrave in the Somerset House exhibition, very like, painted by Briggs. The best portrait there, is Pickersgill's Lord Hill; as a likeness, it is identity; and I admire it the more, from the total absence of what the painters call accessories. It is simple, and though honourably decorated, is unadorned by what is considered "groscape" drapery; and yet Mr. Pickersgill was at one time an unqualified admirer of cloaks; every hawbuck of a fellow who sat to him, was wrapped up in a cloak: this he has conquered, and we rejoice at it. The portrait of Lady Coote is a good picture; it is a pity that her ladyship had not sat a few years earlier; but that is no affair of the painter. A picture of Lady Londonderry, in the costume of Queen Elizabeth, by a Frenchman, is amazingly like. There is a story about this dress which only proves the advantages of making experiments before any grand display. The petticoat of the Virgin Queen, as personated by her ladyship, was so thickly covered with diamonds, that the substratum of material could scarcely be seen; and nothing could be more splendid than the effect; but the diamonds glittered all round the dress, behind and before, and at the side; and so long as her ladyship paraded the magnificent suite of her apartments, all was well, and all

shone brilliantly; but lo and behold, when her ladyship threw herself gracefully on her mimic throne, she found that she might as well be sitting in her *robe de chambre* on a pebbly pavement, or a heap of flints just prepared for Macadamization. Stones, though precious, are still stones, and the jump the Marchioness gave when she first felt the full effect of her jewels, is described as something prodigious. So handsome a person, however, might easily dispense with such ornaments. A queen of hearts may always look down upon a mere queen of diamonds.

And what are we to say of other representations? What a sensation (at any other period how much greater would it have been!) Mr. Sheridan Knowles' Hunchback has made: why Mr. Sheridan Knowles made his hero a Hunchback I cannot imagine. The play is an admirable play; and what is as strange a part of the affair as any, is the acting of the author. To say it is finished, or fine, would be to talk nonsense; but it is plain, straightforward, common-scene acting, which very much surprised us, more especially from an author, still more from an Irish author; and more still from an author, who in private life is a perfect enthusiast, and a fine phrenzied-eye orator. Fanny Kemble never appeared to greater advantage in public—in private, her charming conduct with regard to her brother, the young soldier, speaks volumes for her. They say she is going to marry a son of Keppell Craven's, Lord Craven's uncle. They met first, I believe, at the acting of Lord Leveson Gower's play of Hernani, at Bridgewater House, when Mr. Craven reaped much histrionic fame as an amateur. Of one thing we are quite sure, Miss Kemble will act well wherever she may be placed in the world.

Our female geniuses are coming forward. I see that Mrs. Norton, the bewitching, is announced formally, and in print as the editoress—I presume this is the word—of the *Belle Assemblée;* she may fairly lead any Belle Assemblée in England. There is some talk of Mr. Norton being appointed to the chief magistracy, vacant by the death of Sir R. Birnie. It is hard to see a rising young barrister, heir presumptive to a peerage, obliged to relinquish his seat in Parliament to struggle after such distinctions as these. Not but what the chief magistracy is a good thing in its way, and compatible with Parliamentary representation, which the situation he at present holds, is not.

By-the-bye, what a ridiculous and unfounded report there is going about, that this "*belle esprit*" was the cause of Lady L——t embarrassing the Duke of D——e's party with a fit of hysterics. There certainly are many drawbacks upon notoriety; one is, that (in woman especially) it is generally the cause of prepossession *against,* rather than for *them.* In the Chit-Chat of society, the interest of any scandal is increased by fitting the story to the best known actors in that society. Thus, as at the theatre, we naturally expect Kemble in Mercutio; so is every pun ascribed to Rogers—conundrums and witticisms to Croker, or Hooke; and so Mrs. Norton pays the penalty of genius, in being forced to bear a part in every aristocratic *scena* in which wit and talent are supposed to break through the usual insipidity of fashionable life. There is not even a foundation of truth, whereon to build the mighty fabric which has caused so much *good-natured* wonder in that circle of which Mrs. Norton is at once the ornament and delight, as the two ladies had only

exchanged the common greetings of society, during the whole of that evening. Perhaps, after all, Lady Lyndhurst's nervous excitement may more naturally be traced to a political, than to any private source.

One of the best conundrums I have heard for a long time, is attributed to that excellent and agreeable fellow, Yates, who is amongst those who do credit to the stage. Whether it is his own, or not, is a question to rest upon his veracity. It is this—"When does an alderman look like a ghost?" Answer. "When he's a *gobbling*." This is surely a *jeu d'esprit*. By the way, Rogers begins to whistle now; not in fear, or harmony, or for amusement, but I am afraid from the effects produced by advanced age. I regret this—he is an excellent person, and a gentlemanly poet; and I never shall forget the patience with which he bore a most unintentional misquotation, made from his works, and in his presence, by a man of the name of Barton, who wanted to compliment him, by recollecting his verses. The story that he quoted was Rogers' pretty song of

"Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To every passing villager."

Mr. Barton—who he was I never found out—having eulogized this little effusion with a superhuman ecstasy, repeated it right to a line—but not to a word. He gave it us thus—

"Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there,
Close by my cot she *shows* her *tail*
To every passing villager."

Not a muscle moved in Mr. Roger's pale and placid countenance, you would hardly have thought he lived; but turning to Luttrell, whose mouth twisted and whose eye rolled at the fun of the mistake, he simply whispered, "Non *tali* auxilio, &c." Barton survived it, and is still alive and merry.

I perceive that there have been changes at the Admiralty. Dyer, Darch, and Riley superannuated. Hay takes Darch's place as reading clerk. This is right. Hay is a gentleman, and a man of business. Met Sir Francis—which Sir Francis, you would say, for there are two who frequent the Admiralty, the obtuse and the clever. I mean the clever. "Well, Frank, how goes on the Vernon, and how did she go off the other day? No want of water, I presume." "No; thank *heaven* for that! Why, she went off beautifully, but the lubberly mateys contrived to get her foul of the hulk, and Lord Vernon came out of the conflict minus a leg and an arm."—"Who had you there?" "Upon my honour I hardly know. I was so busy paying my devoirs to Lady Graham; she looked for all the world like a mermaid, as she stood by the bows and christened the vessel. Her hair hung down as straight as the lower rigging when first put over the mast heads."—"I wish I had such a beautiful mermaid for a wife," replied H——, who had joined and listened to our conversation. What a pretty creature is that Miss E——; she looked as fresh as if she had just come out of a shower bath." "Well, so she had."

"By the bye, who was that naval officer who appeared to think the

whole dock-yard belonged to him, and not half big enough for him? Was he commissioner?" "No, not commissioner exactly, only acting deputy superintendent commissioner *pro tempore.*"

"So there's pipe belay here; yes, order to pay off cancelled. Rather a bore, Sir Thomas had unrove and tallied all his running rigging—got his top-gallant masts on deck, and ship's books nearly made up. Now he's all a-taunto again, and long may he be in commission."

"What has become of Clifton now the navy board is given up? I don't know, but I recollect that he was selected from the Admiralty by Croker, who is no mean judge of merit, for the situation he held at the navy office. He ought to be provided with another, for he is too young and too clever to be laid on the shelf, otherwise his merit will prove his misfortune instead of his advantage." "If Sir James Graham had done nothing else, and does do nothing more during his administration, he has deserved the thanks of the country for the abolition of the navy board. When Intellect put on her seven league boots, and commenced her rapid march, the only quarter in which she could not force admittance, was the navy office at Somerset House." "I met Sir George Cockburn. I must say, although he was rather *quarter deck-ish,* that I should like to see him in again, and I see no reason to the contrary. The Admiralty may be, but it ought not to be, a political office; and an admiral's appointment should be considered the same as accepting the command of the Mediterranean, or any other station."

Elliott and Bewes have canvassed Plymouth against him, and will turn him out. "Well, d—n the Whigs." "D—n the Tories, I say—only a slight difference of opinion—so good morning."

I went to the Opera on Tuesday to hear Mariani. She is splendid—confounded plain, but that's no consequence. That Grisi screams rather too much, although she acts well, and has a pretty person, if it was washed. I believe Brugnoli's toes are made of *cast iron. Toe* K—g could make no impression upon them. You know how K—g obtained that name. He is a little puffy fellow, who goes about town, making acquaintance with every body—is endured at watering places for his poodle qualities of "fetch and carry:" he is very anxious to become acquainted with noblemen, and his plan is to sidle up and tread very lightly upon an aristocratical toe—then an immediate apology, and the apology is followed also with the wind and weather, and the leading topic of the day, a knowledge of his lordship's friends or relations, and a good morning. The next day when they meet, a polite bow from Mr. K—g, and if an opportunity offers he enters into conversation, and thus establishes his acquaintance. Such is his EXTREME method of introducing himself, which deserves credit for its ingenuity and exclusiveness. I once knew a man who had only one story, and that was about a gun. His difficulty was to introduce this story, and he at last succeeded, like K—g, by the use of his foot. When sitting after dinner he would stamp under the table and create a hollow sound. Then, God bless me! what's that—a gun? By the bye, talking about guns—and then came his story.

THE CROWN COLONIES.

How often, when one defect becomes apparent in a building, do we, upon examination, discover many more, which, without the necessary survey, would have remained concealed! Thus has it been with respect to the West India question; the loud complaints of the colonists, the alarming insurrection in Jamaica, induced us to examine the last order in council, and in our preceeding number to point out its errors. In so doing, various other documents passed in review before us, of whose existence we were unconscious. We have examined them carefully, and we have been astonished to perceive how secretly, yet how surely, the colonial fabric has been falling into ruin and decay, from a system of oppression founded upon ignorance and injustice.

That we may clearly point out the result of our investigation, it will be necessary to explain to the reader, the difference between the West India Islands generally, and those which are designated as the Crown Colonies. The former are chartered islands, governed by their own colonial law; having a representative assembly, and, to a certain degree, enjoying those rights and immunities, to which, as the subjects of a free country, they are entitled. We say, to a certain degree, because, although my Lord Goderich has not been able to infringe upon their charters, he has now planned a scheme by which they must either consent to pass his measures into a law, or be denied the relief of fiscal measures, proposed to be granted only to those islands who will submit to his tyranny; a new system of partial legislation as unheard of, as it is anomalous to the British Constitution. The Crown Colonies, in opposition to the other islands, consist of those who, in defiance of the articles of capitulation and subsequent promises, have not been permitted the same rights and immunities which have been secured to the rest, and their peculiar situation induces us to offer the following observations.

That a class of people, whom the law recognises as British subjects, should be practically shut out of the pale of the British constitution; that they should be deprived of the inestimable benefits of British laws and trial by jury; taxed without representation; and governed by foreign laws, which generally invest the governor with arbitrary and despotic authority—appears a case of hardship and injustice, which could not be supposed to exist in the British dominions.

Yet such is the actual situation of our Crown Colonies: they continue to be governed by the laws of the nations from whom they were conquered; these laws are again modified by orders in council, often framed in utter ignorance of their peculiar habits and customs.

The line of policy adopted towards the enemy's colonies captured during the war, and afterwards ceded to Great Britain at the peace, was to grant them, as soon as convenient, British laws and a British constitution. They were then considered as having become part and parcel of the British Empire, and as such entitled to its privileges and benefits. This wise and judicious policy tended in a short time to make these colonies, otherwise foreign, English in habits, manners, and feelings. Such was the case with Grenada, St. Vincents, and Tobago, which was ceded at the peace of 1763, and shortly afterwards received British laws and a British constitution.

In the case of the Canadas, however, the French laws and language were very injudiciously retained. The inhabitants are, in consequence, French to this day, and the unhappy dissensions which continually agitate that colony may be traced to this cause.

In 1797, the then Spanish colony of Trinidad was captured by Sir R. Abercrombie, and afterwards ceded to Great Britain at the peace of Amiens. Notwithstanding the expectations of British laws held out to the inhabitants from time to time, the Spanish code of laws is still administered. Demerara and St. Lucie were in like manner ceded at the last peace, and are still governed, the one by Dutch, the other by French laws.

We should much wish to be informed by some constitutional lawyer, by what legal right these colonies are held, as it were fiefs, under the crown? The rights which the law of nations give the conquerors over the conquered, must have surely ceased at their cession, which incorporated them with the British dominions: if British subjects, however, can, against the spirit of the constitution, be thus kept in a state of vasallage to the crown, it is highly expedient for the legislature to provide a remedy.

The foreign laws by which these colonies are administered, enable the crown or its representatives to levy taxes at pleasure, and appropriate the revenues, without any controul, upon the part of the colonists. The practical effect of taxation without representation, is exemplified in the enormous amount of taxes which are levied, in comparison with those colonies which, by their local legislatures, tax themselves. The colony of Trinidad, for instance, pay taxes in amount four times greater than Grenada, a colony equal in population and resources.

This facility of taxation leads naturally to a corresponding lavish expenditure. New and unnecessary offices, with high salaries attached, are profusely created, the payment of which is charged upon the revenues of the colony.

The administration of foreign laws is a fertile subject of abuse and vexation. Is it not absurd, to see English barristers sent out to administer (as judges,) either Spanish, French, or Dutch laws, of which they can have no previous knowledge? and further, when few of them are even conversant with the language in which these laws are written?

To make confusion worse confounded, modifications of these foreign laws are concocted at the Colonial Office, in order (it is said) to adapt them to the spirit of the British constitution. These orders in council are often framed in direct contradiction to the existing laws; so that, in many cases, a judge cannot tell whether he is bound to decide according to the ancient code, or according to the recent order in council. In such a state of judicial proceedings, the inhabitants suffer severely, both in their persons and property. Both are literally at the mercy of the governor or judge, who, by his own construction of the law, is enabled to perpetrate the grossest acts of partiality and injustice.

Such is the anomalous situation of their colonies, which consist of the two islands of Trinidad and St. Lucie, with the continental possession of Demerara, or English Guiana. It may naturally be inquired, what could be the object of former governments in refusing to these colonies those rights to which, by the constitution of the country, they were entitled? The answer is simple, and the truth of it is borne out by the fact, that

these colonies are taxed more than the others, in the proportion of nearly four to one. It arose from the system, whose pernicious influence has extended from east to west, the boroughmongering system, and the necessity of constant bribery to uphold it. These unfortunate colonies have been necessitated to find more than their proportion of the funds, in the shape of situations and salaries, created as douceurs for services rendered to a Tory administration, until they are now upon the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. And yet Sir George Murray, in answer to a question of Mr. Protheroe, the member for Eversham, declared in the House of Commons, that "these colonies ought to consider themselves in an enviable situation compared with the chartered colonies, as they (the crown colonies) were under the paternal care of the crown." This valuable protection reminds us of that referred to in the address of Rolla to the Peruvian soldiers:

> "They offer you protection!
> Yes, such as vultures show to lambs,
> Covering and devouring them."

To prove the effects of this "paternal care," it is only requisite to extract from the papers laid before Parliament the following return of prosive taxation:—

		Expenditure.		
Demerara,	in 1823 . .	£42,857.	In 1850 . .	£70,428.
St. Lucie,	1824 . .	5,380.	1830 . .	16,710.
Trinidad,	1824 . .	37,587.	1827 . .	54,015.

and to exhibit, for the information of the public, the difference between the taxation of the chartered colonies who tax themselves, and the crown colonies which are taxed by the "paternal care" of government; we shall again select from the same papers a comparison between the taxation of Trinidad and Grenada, the population of each island being nearly the same.

In 1817, Crown Colony, Trinidad, £54,015.
Chartered Colony, Grenada, £16,940.

In the circular dispatch* of my Lord Goderich, he asserts, that "His Majesty's government entertain the strongest feelings of sympathy and compassion for the distress under which all persons connected with West India property are indiscriminately suffering." There is sometimes kindness in an act of cruelty. When we witness the sufferings of some tortured animal, we often out of compassion put an end to his existence. This, we presume, is the sympathetic feeling which guided his lordship in his last order in council, which, if put in force, may be considered as a "death-blow." That these colonies have been tortured by many previous acts we shall prove, by referring to a previous order in council, issued for the benefit of these colonies, and at the same time affording a specimen of his lordship's talents for colonial legislation.

This order in council proposes a circuit to be performed by the three judges of Trinidad, Demerara, and St. Lucie, assisted by all the legal knowledge of the three colonies. Now, as a circuit is a good thing in this country, (at all events for the lawyers,) consequently it must be a good thing for the colonies; so argued my Lord Goderich; but the great difficulty was, how this circuit was to be arranged. Great minds, however, rise superior to difficulties, and although it may, at first, appear to the

* December 10, 1831.

reader that the plan was absurd, we will prove that, on the contrary, it was admirably digested for the purpose for which it was intended; that of harassing, annoying, and pillaging these unfortunate colonies. By this order, the judge of Trinidad, which is governed by Spanish laws, pleaded in the Spanish language, is directed to call to his assistance the judge of Demerara, which is governed by Dutch laws, pleaded in the Dutch language, together with the judge of St. Lucie, which is governed by now obsolete French laws, pleaded in the French language, and all the Spanish, Dutch, and French lawyers to be collected together *en masse*, as a *tail* or appanage, to add strength and dignity to the *cortége*. These to be embarked on board of a man of war, and ply from island to island; to fill their bags with briefs and their pockets with money. In the mean time, be it observed, the islands were to be left without any judicature whatever.

Now we have often heard complaints of the intricacy of the law in any one country and any one language, but here we have three varieties of law, pleaded in three languages, before three judges, each of them bound to give their verdict according to the laws and usages of the colony over which they preside. This appears to open a field for interminable litigation. Dutch law *versus* French law; Spanish law *versus* the other two: in every case two to one against you; every lawyer master of his subject and unyielding, appealing to their respective judges as Senhor, Monsieur, and Mynheer, and each alternately receiving the nod of approbation from his respective *appellée*.

How was this difficulty to be overcome? Why, it never could have been overcome except by a man so profound in colonial legislation as my Lord Goderich, and whose decision reminds us very much of similar happy ideas in Sheridan's farce of the Critic. To put an end to all useless litigation, he determined that no lawyer should know anything about these contradictory and conflicting codes of legislation; once deprived of these weapons, of course there could be no fighting. To bring this about, his lordship has provided that all those who intend to go out to the crown colonies and practice legally, shall eat their terms at the Temple; that is, that they shall not employ their youth in the colonies in studying the French, Spanish, and Dutch codes of jurisprudence practised in the several colonies, but that they shall make themselves masters of the English laws, which are not in force in the colonies, and are therefore of no use to them whatever. This was a master-piece of policy, which could only have been concocted in the brain of such a colonial legislator as my Lord Goderich.

We must now examine whether this order in council has worked to his lordship's satisfaction; and here we must acknowledge that his lordship, as in many other instances, has not been rewarded with the gratitude which he had a right to expect from the legal community. The judges, who are paid a regular stipend for their labours, did not approve of this circumnavigating circuit. It was not in the original bond, and although prepared to contend with all the chances of a sickly climate, they had not included sea-sickness in the catalogue of ills to which flesh is heir to in a tropical island. They have, therefore, as ladies do at the Old Bailey, when they would delay the execution of their sentence, "pleaded their bellies," and will not embark unless in a steamboat, which may shorten, and at the same time afford a degree of preci-

sion to the duration of their voyage. No steam-boat having been provided, it has hitherto been "no go," and the order in council has laid in abeyance.

There has also arisen another difficulty not contemplated by his lordship, which is, that the lawyers, who have their option to practice or not, positively refuse to embark on the treacherous element. His lordship, in his paternal regard for the crown colonies, calculated upon the descent of these legal gentlemen upon each island, like a cloud of locusts, devouring everything in their reach, and leaving behind them one vast track of desolation; but, no! even the treble prospect of gain, arising from pleading in three different languages upon three different codes of law, and extracting treble fees from treble courts, could not induce them to quit *terra firma*. Law has been compared to a deep pit, but they reflected that the unfathomable ocean was deeper still. Land sharks, as they have been denominated, they appeared to have an instinctive terror of their sea prototypes. The law's delay might suit them as it filled their pockets, but the delay arising from currents and adverse winds formed no part of their business, and a "brief" was preferred to a tedious and uncertain voyage, which might occasionally terminate in bearing up for the United States. Aware that they were no favourites with seamen, perhaps they were afraid that if embarked on board of a man of war commanded by such nautical wags as Frank Collier or Billy Walpole, a log might be sent home to the Admiralty, showing most satisfactory reasons for landing them at the Honduras to chop log-wood, instead of chopping logic in the crown colonies. In short, this order in council, as we have said before, has not hitherto been acted upon, but remains a sad memento of the law's delay.

We must here observe, that all the credit of this order in council must not be surrendered to his lordship. His lordship put it into force, and made the admirable provisions to which we have referred; but we must be just, and not allow the honour of the original idea to be ravished from the inventor, Mr. Horace Twiss. When the prophet was summoned to heaven he left his mantle; when Mr. Twiss and his party were sent to the devil, he also left this embryo order in council as a mantle to my Lord Goderich, which was discovered amongst other papers of equal value.

Before we dismiss this subject, it may be as well to extract from the papers laid before Parliament, the unhappy state of anarchy and discontent which appears to exist in the little island of St. Lucie.

By these documents, it is proved that the total value of the productions of this island does not amount to £60,000; and that of this sum, nearly one-third is paid into the colonial chest, to defray the salaries and other public charges, the remainder being wholly absorbed in the cultivation of the land.

It also appears by these documents, and which will give the reader some idea as to the extent of taxation, that a drogher, or coasting vessel, of sixty tons burthen, is taxed £20 per ton per annum; that is, a vessel worth about £400 is obliged to pay a tax of £1200 per annum to the government. This is indeed the acmé of taxation!

It appears, further, that the judges appointed to preside in the colonies are removable at pleasure, and that the former judge of this island has been dismissed by my Lord Goderich without a *hearing*, upon the

ostensible plea of partiality in his decisions between the planter and the slave. It is an integral part of our constitution that no judge can be dismissed from his office by the government. How else could they perform their duty fearlessly, as well as impartially? Lord Goderich, we presume, thinks this to be an imperfection in the constitution of the country, and not by any means suitable to colonial legislation.

Moreover, it appears, by a perusal of these papers, that Lord Goderich not only does not consider it necessary that a judge should be acquainted with the law, but he even considers that a knowledge of the language used in the colonial judicature to be unnecessary; Mr. Musson having been appointed judge without his having any knowledge of the French language. The consequence has been, that Mr. Musson not being able to try the prisoners, there has been no gaol delivery for eighteen months.

A gaol in a tropical country is not exactly a paradise; and we are informed that many of the prisoners have been relieved, by the interposition of Providence, who has put an end to their sufferings. How long it may be before this gaol delivery takes place must of course depend upon the acuteness or obtuseness of intellect of Mr. Musson; at all events, we heartily wish him through his French grammar, and have no doubt but the prisoners do the same.* Such are the facts relative to the good administration of the island, which we can collect from these papers, with one or two other documents. From the same papers, we can also enlighten the reader as to the events which have occurred since the promulgation of the last order in council.

The unfortunate colonists had submitted to taxation and vexation until they could submit no more; they remonstrated in vain; they then unanimously resisted as far as laid in their power. The merchants shut up all their shops, and refused to supply the planters, or any body else, with necessaries, asserting as their reasons, that as the planters would never, under the provisions of the new order, be able to pay them for their goods, they would no longer continue to furnish them. A shopkeeper in England may shut up his shop if he pleases without being interfered with, and obliged to part with his property. In St. Lucie, the governor, a Colonel Bozon, thought differently, and declared the act to be one of treason and conspiracy against government.

The fact was, that although they cared little about the slaves they cared a great deal about themselves; Colonel Bozon and Judge Musson had no idea of being starved, the latter had no idea of their cutting off his supply of wine, for which, if report says true, he is a good customer. Moreover, the gaol was crowded, in consequence of Musson not having yet acquired the French language; and there was a great demand for provisions in that quarter, which could no longer be obtained. Bozon and Musson, in their turns, remonstrated and then bullied without effect; the merchants replied in the language of the Duke of Newcastle, "Cannot we do what we please with our own?" At last, Bozon and Musson sent a vessel to Martinique with an unauthorized bill upon government for

* Mr. Hume stated in the House of Commons, that a person had been appointed Attorney General of the Mauritius, so totally ignorant of both French laws and language, that a French advocate had been appointed *nominally* as his assistant, but in fact to do his business for him, the colony thus paying salaries to two persons instead of one.

£500 to obtain supplies. The merchants wrote by another vessel, stating that the colonial chest was empty, and that the bill was not good.

The first vessel arrived at Martinique, the latter was stopped by the governor and the letters seized. On the arrival of the vessel at Martinique, the governor, Admiral Dupotet, refused the supplies to Bozon and Musson, unless they would return the runaway slaves from Martinique, which they had received and protected at St. Lucie; and in the letter of the French governor there is one passage which, as we presume it was intended as a piece of advice to my Lord Goderich, we shall take the liberty to extract.

"Si des vues philantropiques doivent être approuvés par tout ami de l'humanité, ce n'est point lorsqu'ils tendent à spolier les habitans d'un bien qu'ils ont légalement acquis: un acte aussi arbitraire et aussi injuste cédera, j'aime à le croire, à la raison et aux droits sacrés de la propriété."*

The letters† written by the merchants to their correspondents were opened and read by Bozon and Musson, by what right we are at a loss to point out; the parties by whom they were written declared to be conspirators and traitors, and sent to gaol, where, of course, they will remain with the other prisoners until Mr. Musson shall have made himself master of the French language. So much for the state of the island of St. Lucie, under the paternal care of the government.

If my Lord Goderich is, as he professes to be, a real friend to the slave population, he certainly is most unfortunate in his good intentions. To oppress the planter is to oppress the slave—to deprive the planter of the means, is to subject the slave to privation and hardship. If my Lord Goderich intends that an immediate and forcible emancipation should take place, which, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary, we *must believe* to be the case, no methods could be more judicious or more likely to succeed, than those which he has acted upon for so long a period.

We earnestly look forward to the time, and we do not think it very far distant, when slavery may be safely abolished throughout our colonies; but we must "bide our time," and request his Majesty's government, not by acts of precipitation to ruin these planters, who will claim an indemnity, that they may obtain for the slaves what, under existing circumstances, so far from proving a boon, will reduce them to misery and starvation.

* Enclosure No. 21.

† These Letters are among the Parliamentary papers, and are not treasonable.

EPIGRAM.

O Wellington! to thine eternal shame
Thou'st robb'd thy country of one cherish'd name,
Through worthless court intrigues, one hero less
Will now the records of our glory bless.
Assassin!—start not!—shrink not!—ask not who!
Thou'st slain a hero—him of Waterloo!

SPRING.

The Spring is come again! the breath of May
Creeps whisperingly where brightest flowers have birth,
And the young sun beams forth with redder ray
On the broad bosom of the teeming earth.
The Spring is come! how gladly nature wakes
From the dark slumber of the vanished year;
How gladly every gushing streamlet breaks
The summer stillness with its music clear!

But thou art old, my heart! the breath of Spring
No longer swells thee with a rapturous glow,
The wild bird carols blithely on the wing,
But wakes no smile upon my withered brow.
Thou art grown old! no more the generous thought
Sends the warm blood more swiftly through thy veins—
Selfish and cold thou shrinkest—Spring hath nought
For *thee*, but memory of vanished pains.

The day-break brings no bounding from my rest,
Eagerly glad, and strong in soul and limb;
But through the weary lid, (unwelcome guest!)
The sunlight struggles with a lustre dim.
The evening brings no calm—the night no sleep,
But feverish tossings on the hateful bed;
While the vexed thoughts their anxious vigils keep,
Yet more to weary out the aching head.

Still the deep grove—the bower—my footsteps seek;
Still do I read beneath the flowery thorn;
And with a worn and hollow eaten cheek,
Woo the young freshness of the laughing morn.
But now no pleasure in the well-known lines,
Expands my brow, or sparkles in mine eye,
O'er the dull page my languid head declines,
And wakes the echo with a listless sigh.

Ah! mocking wind, that wandereth o'er my form,
With freshened scents from every opening flower;
Deep—deep within, the never dying-worm—
Life's longings all unquenched, defy thy power!
There coolness comes not with the cooling breeze—
There music flows not with the gushing rill—
There shadows calm not from the spreading trees—
Unslaked, the eternal fever burneth still!

Mock us not, Nature, with thy symbol vain
Of hope succeeding hope, through endless years—
Earth's buds may burst—Earth's groves be green again,
But man—can man forget youth's bitter tears?
I thirst—I thirst! but duller day by day
Grow the clogged soarings of my spirit's wing;
Faintly the sap of life slow ebbs away,
And the worn heart denies a second Spring!

C. E. N.

ABUSES IN THE PUBLIC HOSPITALS.

NEVER has the public mind been so intensely and painfully directed to the consideration of the medical institutions of the country, as at the present moment. The introduction of the novel and dreadful crime of murdering for the sale of the body, has produced a conviction, that there is something fundamentally wrong in the management of those public institutions, which are connected with the teaching of anatomical science, which leads to a very general belief, that until they are conducted on a totally different system, nothing effectual will be done towards removing the difficulties pressing on those engaged in the study and practice of the important sciences of medicine and surgery.

The term "public hospitals" is applied to those institutions which have been established, and are supported by the bequests and subscriptions of humane persons, for the purpose of relieving the diseases of the indigent portion of the community, and with the view also of aiding the advancement of medical and chirurgical science, in the perfection of which the happiness both of rich and poor is intimately concerned. It was rightly imagined, that by collecting a number of sick persons into these establishments, not only would their respective maladies be more conveniently treated, but the very best opportunities would be afforded of noting and comparing the signs or symptoms by which different diseases and injuries are distinguished from each other, and of observing the effects of the various remedies prescribed, thus acquiring a correct conception of the true nature of diseases, and ascertaining the most efficient mode of combating them.

So important is this object esteemed, that in some hospitals, wards are assigned for the reception of those melancholy cases, which in the present state of medical science are deemed incurable, in the hope that by close investigation, some mode of permanent relief may be discovered. Unhappily, these benevolent designs have been so effectually frustrated by the avarice and selfishness (strong terms but perfectly justifiable) of a few individuals, that it is doubtful whether the good or evil effected by these institutions preponderates. The public, with an ill-judged confidence, has intrusted their whole management to the physicians and surgeons attached to them, who acting upon what is so powerful in all men, self-interest, have converted these magnificent charities into mere instruments of personal emolument and aggrandizement, regardless of the humane intentions of their founders.

To attempt a full exposition of the monstrous abuses existing in our hospitals, abuses which require the loud voice of public indignation to remove, is a task much too difficult to be executed by the writer of these observations, and would extend them beyond the limits to which they must be confined: he will therefore call the attention of the public to those only which are so palpably iniquitous, so flagrant, and operate so extensively to the injury of society, that he is persuaded the mere allusion to them will be sufficient to ensure their immediate abolition. The writer adverts especially to the practice of closing these institutions against the members of the profession generally, and to the custom adopted by the medical men who have the good fortune to be officially at-

tached to them, of exacting from students the payment of enormous fees, for the bare permission to witness the treatment of the diseases contained in them, which fees are often so exorbitant as to constitute a complete prohibition.

This custom exists in the most aggravated form at the majority of the provincial hospitals. The following remarks are intended to apply to those *only* which are recognised by the Colleges of Medicine in London, as schools of physic, the physicians and surgeons of which have the privilege of granting certificates to students of their having attended them. This privilege, be it remembered, was conferred not for the purpose of stimulating the medical officers to raise the fees for such attendance, already too high, and thus fill their own pockets, but to encourage students residing in the country to give more attention to that essential part of medical education, attendance on hospital practice.

Before, however, commenting on this subject, it is necessary to look at the Anatomy Bill, as it is intended to obviate some of the evils which it may fearlessly be asserted have been caused in a great degree by the circumstances just mentioned.

Entertaining profound respect for the character of the distinguished individual under whose auspices this Bill has been introduced, convinced that he has been influenced by the most benevolent motives, I should have refrained from the least allusion to it, had I conceived it only ineffectual or harmless; but deeply convinced of its dangerous tendency, considering it holds out the strongest incentives to the commission of private murder, and under circumstances which will render detection impossible, I feel it my duty solemnly to protest against it. The very essence of the measure resides in the permission granted to individuals to sell the bodies of their friends or relatives. Will it not be an almost irresistible inducement to an abandoned and famishing wretch to neglect the care of a sick or aged relation, when he knows he may obtain money by the sale of the body, and thus procure food to satisfy his own hunger, and perchance that of a starving family? A woman was lately convicted (principally on her own confession) of the murder of a sick person, whom she had the charge of, which she effected by withholding proper nutriment, and concealing in occasional doses of medicine small quantities of poisonous substances, which at length produced death!

Would the motives, whatever they were, which incited to this diabolical act, have been diminished by the offender possessing the power, under the sanction of the law, of converting the body into gold the moment its vitality was extinct?

The most strenuous advocates of this measure do not deny that the temptations to "Burking" will still continue in full force under its operation; but they say, "to prevent evil-disposed persons taking advantage of them, we will appoint inspectors, and also provide that no body shall be dissected until it has been viewed by a medical man, who shall give a *certificate* that the individual has died from no other than natural causes;" the real question therefore is, are these supposed safeguards sufficiently adequate? It is obvious the inspectors can have little influence in preventing the crimes alluded to, since their duty is merely to receive reports, and occasionally to visit the places where dissection is carried on; the certificate, then, of a surgeon having viewed the body, is relied on as the grand bulwark for the preservation of society from a repetition of

those enormities by which the public mind has been so intensely shocked. This is a fatal reliance, a most dangerous confidence. Has it not been seen (in the case of the Italian boy) that a minute inspection of the external and internal parts of the body, by several skilful and scientific professors, was insufficient to enable them to form a correct opinion as to the cause of death? Did not the external injury and extravasation of blood near the cervical vertebræ (which had not the least share in producing death) induce a belief that the youth had been destroyed by twisting his neck? Was the least suspicion entertained that laudanum and gin had been the means of causing stupefaction, or that the savage murderers terminated the horrid tragedy by immersing the head of their helpless victim in a water-cask? If all this remained undetected by a scientific dissection, will the mere view of a body superficially avail, when life has been destroyed by withholding proper food, or by the gradual administration of narcotic drugs, and when there will not be any external marks of violence to which the attention may be attracted? Surely no one will affirm that it can be of the least utility. There is no physician or surgeon, however extensive his learning and experience, who will venture to certify, on the view only of a body, whether death has been occasioned by natural causes or otherwise. Let the trafficking in human flesh be prohibited by severe penalties, and thus by destroying the factitious value attached to it, the most effectual means will be adopted of annihilating the monsters who live by the sale of it. Let, too, the legislature look to the great medical institutions, for much may be effected with them in the way of removing the prejudices against dissection.

These observations are made under a deep sense of the impending danger to the community from the operation of this Bill, should it pass into a law, and not with the desire of depreciating the exertions of the honourable member for Bridport; for it can be no disparagement to his acknowledged talents to say, that he has failed in legislating on a subject, which appears intricate even to the great intellect of the Lord Chancellor* himself.

Let us now turn our attention to the public hospitals, for in them lies the root of the evil. Without discussing the propriety of the plan of medical education adopted in this country, which is calculated rather to enrich those who have arranged it, than to supply society with efficient pracitioners; or attempting the Herculean task of enumerating all the abuses abounding in the vicious system by which our hospitals are conducted; without inquiring whether it be for the advantage of science and the community, that the benefits to be derived from professionally attending on them should be monopolized by a few persons, nay, as in some instances, by the members of one family; without adverting to the scandalous manner in which the valuable appointments of physicians and surgeons to these public charities are made matter of private arrangement and family convenience, so that an individual holding such a situation frequently transfers it to his son, as if it were a portion of his estate, (than which nothing can be more shameful, or more destructive of emulation, the spring of all human improvement, which the hope of obtaining these appointments is so admirably adapted to excite in the minds of the junior members of the profession;)—we will proceed at once

* "To legislate on the subject of anatomy is of equal importance and difficulty." —*Lord Brougham's Speech in the House of Lords.*

to inquire by what right the physicians and surgeons who enjoy the monopoly of these institutions, and who have been entrusted by the governors with the management of the medical departments, presume to close them against students of medicine, unless on the payment of large sums of money, which they (the physicians and surgeons) apply to their own private purposes.

In France and elsewhere, the hospitals are free of access to all scientific persons. The fee for attending the whole practice of each of the celebrated hospitals in Edinburgh and Glasgow for one year is only five guineas, which sum is applied not to enrich the medical officers, but to aid the benevolent designs of the institutions. In England a student must pay to the physicians and surgeons from forty to fifty guineas, for one year's attendance, before he can be permitted to enter the most insignificant hospital, with which exorbitant demand a great number of them are utterly unable to comply; hence they commence the responsible duties of their profession, ignorant of the very principles of medical science, to the ruin of themselves and injury of society—for the mistakes which occur in practice are frequently the results of this systematic exclusion of students from these establishments.

I am loath to speak of the eminent individuals attached to our hospitals otherwise than with respect, but facts compel me. Verily, "it will take more eloquence than is possessed by any provincial Sangrado to make this practice bear even the semblance of propriety."

What terms of reproach can be too strong to apply to those who, entrusted with the care of institutions devoted to charitable objects, abuse the confidence reposed in them, and enact laws for their own emolument, which not merely prevent society deriving the full benefit such institutions are capable of affording, but are also in themselves productive of the most extensive mischief to the community, yet of the existence of which the governors are (as the writer believes) entirely ignorant!

What has attracted to Edinburgh students from all parts of the civilized world, but the reputation acquired by the superior method of clinical instruction adopted there, and especially the unrestricted range of the wards of the hospital which is afforded them?

Is it not so monstrous, as scarcely to seem credible, that the physicians of the English hospitals, almost all of whom are graduates of Edinburgh, having acquired their knowledge of diseases in the wards of the infirmary there at a moderate cost, should seize the opportunities afforded by their appointments to similar institutions here, to levy, in conjunction with the surgeons, such an exorbitant tax as the one of which we complain.

But, to place in the strongest light this departure from propriety, we must bear in mind that the appointments of physicians and surgeons to a hospital are exceedingly lucrative, affording opportunities of acquiring superior knowledge and experience in an art, the resources of which are in great request; thus, those who hold these situations enjoy the full confidence of the public, are in the receipt of large incomes, and support themselves and families in considerable affluence, all of which they owe to their connexion with these institutions.*

* "Sir A. Cooper owes more to Guy's Hospital, than Guy's Hospital to Sir A. Cooper."—*Treasurer Harrison's Speech.*

Is it not then a great aggravation that these persons should oppose insuperable obstacles to the attainment by others of that knowledge from which they derive these advantages? It may suit the purposes of interested individuals to vaunt the gratuitous nature of their services, but the public, observing the eagerness with which these offices are sought after, and the extraordinary means adopted to secure them, will not be misled on this point.

Will the hospital surgeons pretend to affirm that they receive no other emolument than the fees paid by casual pupils? Without mentioning the command of practice afforded by these appointments, are they not also thereby enabled to take apprentices, with each of whom they receive from five hundred to a thousand guineas, which is two-thirds more than the premium paid to a medical man not attached to an hospital? Have they not each three or four such apprentices at one time? Away then with the plea that these exactions are required to remunerate the surgical officers!

Let no one imagine that it is of little importance whether those who are to have the care of the sick possess a knowledge of the nature of diseases or not; it is of the utmost moment, both to themselves and to those who apply to them for relief, that they should be afforded every facility in acquiring it. What but an acquaintance with the symptoms of diseases, can teach them to discriminate between two maladies, similar in their external features, but demanding opposite modes of treatment? The value of this species of learning cannot be too highly appreciated when we know that death is frequently the result of applying to one disease the treatment which is adapted only for another. The history of the healing art establishes the fact, that this knowledge has actually supplied the place of anatomy; for the Greeks and Romans, although almost entirely ignorant of the latter, by closely observing the signs of diseases, became eminently skilful in their treatment of them.

An eminent professor of surgery observes, "the study of anatomy does not teach us disease; you may know," says he, "the structure and functions of an organ perfectly, and yet be ignorant of its diseases. How then are these to be learned? Not from lectures, nor from writings, but by studying the great book of nature. You must frequent the wards of the hospitals, and observe diseases for yourselves. To know disease, you must see, examine, and closely watch patients; you must observe the progress of altered functions during life, and investigate after death the changes produced in the organization." The late celebrated Mr. Abernethy affirmed, "that the best mode of obtaining medical and surgical knowledge, is to pay that strict attention to the signs and symptoms of diseases and injuries, which may qualify us to note even the slighter shades of difference that distinguish them from each other." Yet, with this conviction of the paramount necessity of this branch of medical learning, have individuals been daily licensed to practice, who have never entered the wards of an hospital with the view of studying diseases.

How can our students obtain this vitally essential knowledge if they be denied admittance to these institutions? The sum of forty or fifty guineas demanded by the physicians and surgeons for the mere privilege of entering the public hospitals, and seeing the cases contained in them, is a monstrous perversion of the property of the public to private uses! For what is this money exacted? Not for lectures, but for permission to

witness those things which must of necessity be transacted, although there should not be a single pupil in attendance.

A physician must (or rather ought to) visit and prescribe for a patient affected with fever, should no students be present to witness either the symptoms of the disease, or the effects of the remedies. A surgeon must set a fractured limb, though there be no one present to mark either the method of detecting the injury, or to learn the mode of repairing it.

But the systematic exclusion of those who are in pursuit of medical and surgical knowledge from our hospitals, has produced more direful effects than any yet mentioned; for the vast resources abounding in them for the cultivation of anatomy have been thus rendered unavailable: hence, in some degree, arose that immense demand for bodies which led to the commission of the late dreadful crimes; and the improper manner in which the after-death examinations are conducted, has been calculated rather to aggravate than diminish the intense feeling of aversion with which this modified process of dissection is viewed even by the most intelligent classes of society.

Let a non-professional person enter the place where these examinations are performed, which from its internal appearance might be called a charnel-house; let him observe the coarseness and want of neatness apparent in the whole proceeding; the complete absence of every thing approaching to scientific arrangement; and he will retire from the scene with an invincible determination never to allow his own body to be subjected to a like process.

Far different would be the effect if the operation were conducted with a due regard to decorum; if he observed a physician or surgeon carefully investigating the state of the various organs, demonstrating the morbid appearances, and explaining their connexion with the symptoms observed during life, to a few intelligent students sufficiently advanced in their studies to appreciate the value of this mode of instruction, he would then be led to suppose that useful information might be acquired. What admirable opportunities would be afforded also of learning the healthy structure of the brain, lungs, heart, liver, &c. &c. during these examinations; nay, a perfect knowledge of the parts concerned in some of the most important operations, as lithotomy and hernia, may be acquired with scarcely any perceptible injury to the external appearance of the body, and almost all of them, which surgeons are called upon to perform, excepting amputations, may be learned, certainly practised, without leaving any very prominent mark.

Will any anatomist or surgeon deny this? When, therefore, we remember the number of persons who die in our hospitals, whose bodies might, without injuring them, be made available in this way, we can readily perceive how greatly the demand for exhumed bodies might be diminished.

I repeat the assertion, and challenge inquiry into the truth of it, that the most important points of surgical anatomy may be learned without any very material disfiguration of the body; and that the cutting up of a body into pieces by no means implies a neat or scientific dissection.

But this part of the subject deserves more serious consideration, and I must embrace another opportunity of discussing it.

H.

IRISH GRAND JURIES—MR. STANLEY'S BILL.

PART I.

THE political maxim that "no man should be taxed without his own consent," is the summary of good government. The security of person is implied *ex absurdo* in the protection of property, and the whole code with its voluminous index is nothing more than the amplification of means to attain this two-fold end. The intent, however, whether through design or perplexity, is often lost sight of in the process.

A state may have appropriated many constitutional franchises of high and signal import; it may boast a Magna or a Maxima Charta, a Habeas Corpus, a Bill of Rights; it may have all these and many more, yet still come short of possessing that salutary structure of law, which verifies itself by its practical developments. The Irish peasant is "taxed," and taxed grievously, "without his own consent." In what light then do we suppose he can regard a political system, of whose existence the infraction in his own person, of that which instinct tells him should be its fundamental maxim, is the first intimation? What is Magna Charta to him, a Habeas Corpus, a Bill of Rights, or the whole vocabulary of legislation but an open mockery? The law which defrauds and swindles elsewhere, boldly plunders in the face of day the abject poverty of the Irish serf. Whilst in this country the sturdy temper of the Saxon is encountered with methods somewhat more circuitous, and freedom with clipt wings is made a decoy for freedom fully plumed, in Ireland those subtleties are deemed unnecessary, where a population rendered servile and infirm through prescriptive misrule, are an easy prey to the spoiler, and where general submission can be compassed at what an unwise government deem a small expense, namely, a permanent but abortive tendency to resist. The result is natural. Controul in the abstract falls into disrepute. Licence, on the contrary, in the fullest breadth of its interpretation, is made the measure of right. All government comes to be considered not as a safeguard, but a scourge. A state of nature, by a vicious inference is associated with ideas of immunity and protection. Lawlessness seems to offer an asylum from legality, and hence the misery, the turbulence and the insubordination of Ireland.

A review of the transactions of Irish Grand Juries naturally gives rise to these observations. The vices and enormities of the system according to which those judicatures operate, have at length begun to attract somewhat of the attention of the public.* We propose in the few following pages to submit to our readers a brief statement of the transactions of these departmental authorities, and finally to canvass the merits of Mr. Stanley's bill, as a substitute for the structure of the pre-

* In order to avoid a frequent reference to authorities, it may be well to mention here, that the statements and facts which appear throughout the following pages, are extracted from the evidence given before the Committees of the House of Commons in the years 1825 and 1830, when the present Grand Jury system, along with a variety of other subjects connected with the internal economy of Ireland, underwent an impartial and a searching scrutiny.

Such a declaration is deemed a sufficient voucher for the general authenticity of the matter of this article.

sent system. The subject is highly interesting in more senses than one. It does not embark a question of ordinary taxation only. The objects for which grand jury imposts are, or should be, levied, come so closely in contact with national welfare, as to invest the consideration of this branch of economy with an importance inferior to that of no other. The public works of a country, to which it is almost unnecessary to say we allude, are admitted on all hands to claim no common share of the solicitude of governments.

Agreed then as all must be on these preliminaries, a stranger to our institutions might advance a step further and ask, "To what individual or body of individuals is the management of these matters professed to be entrusted?" The public works, he is answered, are confided to the care of a certain selection of persons who are dignified by the imposing denomination of a grand jury. "And what is a grand jury? Doubtless a jurisdiction distinguished by its authority to levy a tax, and to expend it when levied upon such paramount objects as public works, must be subjected either directly or mediately to the control of public opinion. It must of necessity either have a basis purely representative; or by being rendered immediately subservient to Government, be thus made to stand on the same breadth of popular assent as serves for the foundation of the supreme power itself."

These are the natural and necessary reasonings of the interrogator. What judgment then do we suppose he must form of the wisdom of our institutions, when he receives for answer to his queries: that an Irish grand jury is neither elected by the community, nor immediately selected by the state, but that called into being by a petty potentate denominated the high sheriff of the county, a personage who is indebted for his periodical sway to the bulk of his rental and the political sympathies of a judge on circuit, it exists independent of both, an insulated and irresponsible authority? But we proceed to unfold the system. The class of men from which the above-mentioned personage forms the junta which is to exercise the high functions appertaining to it, may be easily conjectured by those who are acquainted with the structure of society in these countries. His own caste and his own party, by natural consequence, compose the synod he creates. From these, through the medium of a partizan judiciary, he has received his temporary dominion; with these, convention, gratitude, and fellow feeling, dictate he shall divide it. The *esprit de corps*, or the "prejudice of order," may, however, on the whole, be given as the principle according to which the tribunal is constructed, and hence it is representative so far that it expresses with scrupulous fidelity the will of what is called the aristocracy of the district. Although the dictatorship of the sheriff who makes the selection lasts only for a year, the grand jury, with respect to the members who compose it, may be considered to all practical purposes as a body which never fluctuates, and the pannel can be told with certainty by any one who knows the names of the landed proprietary of the county. Nay, with such a spirit of refinement is the qualification of wealth sought to be established, that principle is subtilized into punctilio, and not only is the fitness of a person to serve as juror determined by his rent-roll, but the numerical place also which he fills in that body is considered to be determined, in the ratio of property. Some rare departures from this rule, illustrate, by the social derangement they give rise to, the importance which is attached to

its observance. Private friendships and family obligations, occasionally paramount, prompt now and then the temerity of a sheriff to disturb these conventional usages by giving his relative or acquaintance a higher position in the catalogue of magnates, than the number of acres in his principality entitles him to fill. Infinite jealousies and bickerings have sprung from this source, and the proprietor of £7000 per annum, who is thus rendered arithmetically inferior to the proprietor of £6500, conceives himself to have sustained a piece of injustice at the hands of the temporary autocrat, sufficient to lay the foundation of a family feud. The grand jury pannel is, in fact, the Red Book of the county, the table of precedence by which the rank of each landholder and his place in society are estimated and fixed. As conferring thus a titular distinction, as also a wide exercise of uncontrolled power, it recommends itself to the solicitude and regard of the landed interest, and on no other grounds, in nine cases out of ten, do the proprietary of Ireland aspire to be enumerated in the number of the chosen.

Supposing we did not refer to the testimony of fact; we ask, would not the naked statement of the origin and construction of this body furnish presumptive evidence sufficiently strong to show that it was a source of evil and not an organ of good? Could we expect that a tribunal which rested on no constitutional basis—which was artificially suspended between the community and the state, pledged to neither, without sponsor, surety, or bail—could we suppose that, so constituted, it would falsify the laws of cause and effect, and present to our view the mighty miracle of justice springing from irresponsibility? But as practical details are more generally satisfactory than *a priori* reasoning, we shall at once enter into a circumstantial investigation of the subject.

An Irish grand jury meets twice a year, once in the spring and again at the summer assizes, for the purpose of discharging their duties, both civil and criminal. A week at each period is the average duration of their labours. Thus, in fourteen or fifteen days—often in less, seldom in more—the business of the country, both as appertains to the calendar and public works, is despatched. We shall shew by-and-bye in its proper place, that the fact of the institution of special sessions is no qualification of this statement. When the judge arrives, which is generally a day or two after the jury is assembled, the commission is opened, and the jury is called upon to exercise its criminal functions. The interval previous to the arrival of the judge is that in which the civil business is professed to be transacted. Thus then, two or three days at the utmost—we believe we are outside the fact—are devoted at each assize to the important duties of levying a tax and providing for its due expenditure. Four minutes, according to calculation, is the portion of time which is thus allotted for the consideration of each presentment. That is, in four minutes the jury are to ascertain the locality of the work to be executed, its nature, object, proper cost, to whose care it should be confided, and a multitude of minor details which we have not space to enumerate, all of which circumstances, be it remembered, are to be elucidated and determined by the examination of maps and surveys, and by the evidence of engineers and ordinary witnesses. Now with all due deference to the integrity, sagacity, and promptitude of an Irish juror, we must unequivocally state our conviction that sufficient as may be this portion of time for connivance, to assent to what

peculation had previously contrived, it is wholly inadequate for the due discharge of arduous duties. As a matter of course, the passing of a presentment is the mere form of registration. But this requires a rapidity of operation which even for sinister purposes is unnecessary; and for epicurean habits uncomfortable. Other means of undergoing the "pleasing punishment" are devised, which, while they soften the pangs of parturition, do not diminish, if they do not increase, the opportunities of profit. The business of the county is despatched in baronies. The jury splits itself into a variety of smaller juries, whilst each fragment of the mutilated whole is left to manage the affairs of its own district; so that in fact, the tribunal which decides on taxation and public works, is a junta of two or three, as it may be. We have heard it cast in the teeth of Ireland, that before her conquest she was parcelled out and plundered by a petty set of monarchs. It appears that after her conquest she is obnoxious to the same reproach. Ill fated country, to which six centuries have brought no alleviation from misfortune, and whose lot is always to be miserable and always to be reviled! How these two, or three, or four, decide with respect to the money to be levied, and the manner in which it is to be expended, is surely not very difficult to surmise, were notoriety wanting. Take any three or four individuals from any condition in society—let them be of this country or that—civilized or uncivilized—give them uncontrolled power over the people's property, and they will use that power to their own advantage and the public detriment. This is human nature. We cannot admit that the philanthropy of the Irish grand juror constitutes an exception. General experience then, beforehand, suggests to us in what manner these three or four are likely to arrange matters, whilst Parliamentary reports amply corroborate the same. No. 1, wishes a road leading to his demesne to be made or to be repaired. No. 2, ditto, a bridge. No. 3, chooses a dispensary to be built in his neighbourhood. No. 4, a wall along his orchard. The road, the bridge, the dispensary, the wall, may not have the slightest connexion with public utility; they may, however, most signally redound to the private advantage of Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. Those digits harmonize therefore most cordially on such interesting topics. Mutual wants produce mutual accommodation. A balance of obligation is struck in the most friendly and gentlemanly manner. No. 1 shakes hands with No. 2, No. 2 with No. 3, and so on. Fellow feeling, like electricity, is communicated through all. The seal is then set—and the barony is robbed.

But the institution of special sessions it is urged, has remedied the evils of the grand jury system, and particularly with respect to the portion of time devoted to county business. The special sessions, it is said, are held four times a year, and on these occasions the presentments undergo a previous and full investigation before they are submitted to the grand jury. Now if this be the case, what need for the interposition of the jury at all? A body of men, who can only give a rapid glance at the business brought before them, will not, or at least should not, feel themselves justified in refusing to assent to that which deliberate investigation has approved of, whilst on the other hand, the mere record of their acquiescence is superfluous. If the special sessions answer the end for which they are established, the Irish grand jury is, as far as its civil functions go, either a nullity or a nuisance. Without meaning to disturb the probability of this conclusion, we deny that this minor court is adequate to the purpose for which it has been instituted. The fact is,

it only facilitates the operations of the jury as far as it acts according to their ascertained will and pleasure. Where it contravenes, it merely impedes, but interposes no final check. At all events, supposing it does accelerate the progress of business, it only does so to such a degree as leaves the small average of time before stated for the ultimate disposal of each presentment. If the special sessions did not exist, the only difference would be that time would have to be distributed still more fluxionally, if we may use the expression; and for our parts, when the matter comes to fractions and peculation, we would as soon a presentment were fiated in one second as in four minutes. "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." It is no consolation that the footpad who robs us, does so with more deliberation than he need. The sooner we are out of his hands the better—no ceremony can make theft palatable.

The discussion of the implied superfluity of the jury has led us then, to discover the futility of the special sessions. In passing we have casually glanced at the fact, that the latter authority is under the absolute control of the former. We now announce it more formally. In the first place, who are the individuals who constitute this supplemental court? Upon inspection, we find the members themselves of the jury presiding on the sessions' bench. Incorporated with these are magistrates, who possess property of the value of £300 per annum and upwards. Now, who is there who knows Ireland, who does not also know, that the several classes within the limits of this qualification, are banded together in one league, by the same prepossessions, the same prejudices, the same spirit of ascendancy? Has not the ambition of the smaller gentry to identify themselves with the superior caste, by coinciding with them in their views, passed long since into a proverb? Again, what is the state of the law with respect to the jurisdiction of the special sessions! The law says, that not only may the jury disallow what at the sessions had been ratified, but *vice versâ*, they may fiat what had been rejected by the same. Finally, what does evidence say? We extract that of Mr. Wilson, from a mass of testimony of similar purport. "It has frequently occurred that gentlemen, when their roads are disallowed at the sessions, declare that they do not care what decision the magistracy come to, they will get them passed before the grand jury; and I have known the grand jury to pass them." We have deemed it necessary to say thus much at this stage of our inquiry with respect to the court of special sessions; when we come to the consideration of Mr. Stanley's Bill we shall again advert to it.

After this manner, then, is a tax raised throughout Ireland, little short of a million of money. The grand jury cess, which in 1790 was estimated at £470,000, has at present nearly reached £900,000. By and bye we shall make good our statement. This vast impost it will be recollected, is levied on the occupant of land. We take it for granted every one is aware of the fact, that in Ireland the occupants and the peasantry are for the most part identical, and that the class of yeomen is almost unknown. Here then £900,000 is paid, we may say wholly, by a pauper population. But the evil does not stop here. A glance at the machinery of the system reveals more of the enormity. We allude to the manner in which the levy is conducted. This is done by what is called applotment; that is, by a principle which professes to make each individual contribute in proportion to the interest he possesses in his pro-

perty or holding. In other words, to tax him according to his means. Now this looks fair and well; at all events there is a plausibility of justice about it, which, considering that hitherto in Ireland outrage has commonly ushered in wrong, there is, to say the least, a regard to appearances, a decent compliance with the forms of equity so far evinced, as is calculated to soothe the usually insulted temper of the Irish nation, and, through the novelty of the blandishment, to lull public investigation for some time, if not into a secure slumber, at least into that half dreamy state of repose, where distrust is kept inactive by complacency. The cry of the oppressed, however, soon ascends—suspicion is alarmed—the cause of the people's grievance is inquired into. The applotment is raked out of the sewer of Irish justice,—and what is the courteous document detected to be? Let indignation hear. An archive of the reign of our good queen Anne! The evil genius of Ireland may well burst into a yell of demoniac laughter at this disclosure. A statute law of 1700 is the expounder of rural economy in 1832! Imagine a statistical account of Ireland, according to which we are to levy an impost, being supplied from the cabinet of an antiquary! Imagine a valuation of lands of upwards of a century ago, being the valuation of the same lands at this very moment! Why, an uncultivated moor and a verdant lawn, an unfruitful wilderness and a blooming valley, might change names and characters five times in the interval. The champaign region of one hundred years ago may be now a blasted heath, or *vice versâ;* but yet the heath is to pay tithe of its barrenness, whilst the teeming fallow is to pass free! Could the recklessness or the rapine of misrule go further?

But this is not all. Not only has the principle of fluctuation been assumed as the principle of permanency, not only has vicissitude been made to answer the purpose of immutability; but, as if to make error more erroneous, deviation more devious, confusion "worse confounded," the whole system of change is specially constructed on a basis of diversity. How is this? Let us see.

The technical denominations of land throughout the most part of Ireland are, the plowland, the gneeve, and the cuss. The cuss is an aliquot part of the gneeve, and it and the gneeve of the plowland. The number of acres, however, contained in each is wholly arbitrary. In one plowland a gneeve will contain more than twice as many acres as another. Nevertheless it is by the gneeve, and not the acreage, that the lands are taxed! Thus a gneeve of bad soil, containing twenty acres, pays as much as a gneeve of good, which contains forty. These inequalities exist not only between the plowlands of different counties, or of different baronies, or of different parishes, but between those of the individuals A. and B. whose farms adjoin. Here, then, from the very starting post the applotment begins to run its course with uncertainty and variance. Here is aberration within aberration, in comparison with the calculation of which, the arithmetical analysis of the imaginary motions of the fixed stars is a juvenile recreation. But the imposition of taxes, not the solution of problems, is the legitimate employment of grand jurors. To compute his own perquisites is labour sufficient, without requiring him to work the sum of the peasant's spoliation. The letter of the law, therefore, is duly observed, and the valuator, the appraiser, the applotter of land at this present moment, is no less a per-

sonage than good Queen Anne of blessed memory! We refer those who may be incredulous, to the returns of the high constables of the baronies. His conviction, if indeed it be not overwhelmed by the abundance of evidence which they furnish of what we testify, will at once accede to the truth of our statement?

But here the apologist for grand juries steps in. It is maintained by many, and more than implied by Mr. Stanley himself in his speech, introducing his Bill, that the portion of the funds over which this judicature has discretional authority, bears but a small ratio to the whole, and that if the jury is chargeable with mismanagement, it has been practised on a scale considerably smaller than that which has been generally assumed. The great bulk of county rates, it is urged, the grand jury are imperatively bound to levy, and for objects with which their interests are in no wise connected. The making and repairing of roads and bridges, and the minor detail of baronial works, are, they assert, the department over which they can alone be said to exercise a complete control. Now let us examine into this point, for it is frequently and plausibly put forward.

To a certain length we are prepared to admit this apology, if apology it can be called, which states that a body of individuals have been guilty of misconduct only where matters were left to their own discretion! We are content, we repeat, to recognise in part this paradoxical species of justification, without stopping to determine how far the fact of the grand jury's having malpractised where alone they had the option to do good, serves to palliate their delinquencies. We proceed to examine over what space this apologetic confession extends. We admit there are several items which the grand jury are bound by law to present for, but this by no means proves, supposing we took no other view of the subject, that the interests of that body have no connexion with them. It must be recollected that expenditure as well as levy is a function of the grand jury, and that with the exception of the police establishment, where the disbursements are fixed and uniform, the control of the grand jury in this respect extends over every object of county taxation, whether the impost be levied at its own discretion, or in obedience to the mandate of the state. But to revert simply to the subject of the imposition of the tax. We will, in its proper place, speak of expenditure. We contend that the portion of it which the grand jury are bound to levy, is infinitely smaller than the apologists state it to be. Three-fifths, it is said of the county cess they must, *nolens volens*, lay on. Now, we maintain, that one half that proportion is outside the fact. Let scrutiny decide. It demands some little address to unravel this part of the subject.

In the first place, certain specific sums for the erection or support of certain institutions, such as infirmaries, hospitals, &c., are voted by Parliament, with a proviso, that taxes not less in amount towards defraying their expenses, shall be levied on the districts where these establishments either already exist, or are to be founded. Again, in some cases the Lord Lieutenant directs stated sums to be levied for specific objects of the same nature. Again, it is enacted by law, that when private subscriptions are entered into for the prosecution of any work, the county should be assessed to an amount not less than that of the monies voluntarily contributed. These are the principal provisions with respect

to works carried on under the superintendence of Grand Juries, but not nominally originating in them.

Now all this may be the case, and yet not prove that it is imperative on the jury to levy *all that is levied* for the purpose of defraying the costs of these establishments. Suppose, for instance, they choose to raise off the county not only an equivalent to what has been advanced, but a sum which trebles or quadruples it—for though the law fixes the minimum, it says nothing of the maximum—is not the excess of the actual levy above the legal enforcement, a fund clearly originating in, and under the discretion of that body? Now we have only to state that the above supposition is the positive fact. It is the constant practice of the jury to raise five times the amount of what the statute requires; nay, to impose a tax when neither the state has advanced, nor private munificence has subscribed, a single farthing. The circumstance of the circuit judge occasionally recommending these works, that is, hospitals, workhouses, &c., to the care of the jury, and exhorting them to make a liberal provision of their expense, shows very clearly that the practice is such as we describe. We will substantiate our statements, however, by more direct evidence. We refer to the treasurer's accounts. The King's County, Westmeath, Waterford, Louth, and Kildare, will be found on examination to have been the only ones for the last five or six years in which the assessments and advances have been at par; in all the rest they have deviated more or less from equality, in most cases the former exceeding the latter fourfold. In the county of Mayo, in the year 1829, the voluntary subscription amounted to £41, the assessments to £461 10*s.* 10*d.* In the same county, sums amounting to three and £400 were raised, when neither Government nor private bounty made any advance whatsoever. In the city of Cork we find the large average sum of £3,500 levied annually in the five years from 1825 to 1830, for the support of the Lunatic Asylum, the Government contribution not amounting to a quarter of the sum, and there being no private donation. Towards the support of the House of Industry, and the Mendicity Asylum, in the same city also, the average annual sum of £2,500 is raised when the average amount of the private subscriptions are below £1,000, nothing being advanced by the state. In the county Clare, whilst the smaller items are regulated by the equalizing system, the large ones exhibit the widest disparity. The House of Industry in that county is established by subscription to the amount of £18 17*s.* 6*d.*, whilst the money raised by local assessment is £1,646 3*s.* 1*d.*—nothing being advanced by the state. Our limits will not allow us to quote more cases. We refer our readers to the treasurer's accounts.

We now proceed to investigate the expenditure of the sums levied. From the observations we have incidentally thrown out in describing the nature and construction of a grand jury, the reader must be prepared to look forward with some distrust to the administration of affairs in this department. He may still, however, be inclined to hope, that on the whole, the process of expenditure in improving the face of the country, in throwing back on the people, in one shape or another, what it has exacted from them, may yet afford some profitable return, and draw from extortion, at least, half its *virus*. How then must he be struck with the vast system of legalized injustice, which is carried on in

this much-abused country, when he finds that a fund thus wrung from the bosom of want, is only exacted to overflow the lap of affluence; or that if some portion of it does trickle back, it comes through devious and absorbing channels, in drops which scarcely serve to damp the lips of parched and fainting poverty!

That the expenditure of the county cess is conducted on the principle of public sacrifice and private emolument, is a fact of which no person conversant with Irish abuses can possibly be ignorant. We refer those whose experience has not lain in this sphere, to the evidence given before the Committee on Irish Affairs, in the year 1825; as also to that so copiously supplied at a later period, when Mr. Rice's Committee sat to inquire into the state of the poor of Ireland. This mass of testimony fully establishes the fact, that what in Ireland are denominated public works, are in reality neither more nor less than private speculations. No matter whether the undertaking be in the shape of an infirmary, a workhouse, a dispensary, the repairs of a road or a bridge, the filling up of a gap or a trench, the erection of a mile-stone, or a finger-post—no matter whether it originate in this quarter or in that—no matter whether the levy of funds for its prosecution be looked upon as discretionary or compulsory—still when the transaction is examined into and unravelled, the interests of the grand juror are found in nine cases out of ten either closely entwined, or, as frequently occurs, thoroughly identified with the whole.

It is urged, that though private interests unjustifiably intervene, a compensating return may be found in the employment of labour. This is not so—it is far otherwise. Labour, it is true, is employed, but in a manner, which if it be not productive of evil, is accompanied with so little that is salutary, that we would indicate it by a cipher in the account. Let us see. A work is presented for—that is, a juror proposes a certain job—the making or repair of a road, or a bridge, &c., as it may be. His probable connexion with the proposal may be gathered from our previous observations. An individual applies to what is called hold the presentment, that is, to be intrusted with its execution. Who is this person? Doubtless, one whose skill and integrity can be relied on, and who demands the lowest price in the market for the performance of the undertaking? Our speculative stranger makes considerable blunders in reasoning out the probabilities of Irish transactions. Why, of what use under heaven could an honest, intelligent, and inexpensive contractor be to an Irish grand juror? You might as well tie the juror and the contractor back to back, by the way of facilitating their powers of progression.

The person who holds the presentment is one whom consistently enough the juror feels an interest in obliging. Either he is a political partizan, who echoes the ultra sentiments of his patron, and fools him to the top of his bent, or he is connected with him by the more intimate relation of landlord and tenant with the accompanying circumstance of the former being in want of his rents, and the latter in arrear. The tenant, by holding the presentment, is enabled to pay the landlords gales out of the public money, the job being so performed as to divert as little as possible from this praiseworthy object; and, as a necessary consequence, to leave it doubtful whether the thing, when finished, be a public work or a public nuisance.

On the whole, however, labour is of course employed, but under such circumstances as almost to neutralize altogether any good effects which might be supposed to flow from a source so salutary. In the first place, the demand for it is not interspersed through the year, but takes place at the two periods which are most inconvenient to the labourer—that is, during the spring-work of the farmer, and his hay-harvest and turf-cutting in the summer. This is not all. The expense of a work, presented for, fiated and commenced at one assize, is not defrayed until the next, the tax being imposed in the interim. What is the consequence of this? The person who holds the presentment, if he have no funds, which is the case of a tenant in arrear, pays the labourer by orders upon shopkeepers, not payable for six months after date, in order to meet the grand jury disbursements. Under this system, it is calculated that there is a loss of twenty-five per cent., some say thirty. There is also another and a numerous class of persons who hold presentments, not for purposes of meeting such exigencies as arrears in rent, but who, on the contrary, being provided with funds, take this opportunity of realizing a speculation. These persons having laid in meal and potatoes in the cheap season, take care to get the summer presentments when those provisions are dear, at which time they pay the labourer with this stock instead of money, valuing it at enormous prices.

Under this head, we might go into a multitude of details: our limits will not allow us to do so. The habits of perjury which the system engenders, is a view of the question which affords a wide field for comment, but which we must leave to other hands. The fact that six oaths are required for the execution of forty shillings' worth, may give an idea of the extent to which profanation is carried. The kissing of the book has grown into the symbol of falsehood, and when the Deity is called to witness, a fraud is clearly discerned.

We have not alluded to what are called the powers of traverse. We believe there is no one who has hardihood sufficient to assert, that this instrument is at all available against grand jury impositions. It is only the opulent who can wield it—and even for them it is too costly; so that when by any chance any feudal enmity prompts one aristocrat to thwart the designs of another, by traversing his presentment, he is frequently obliged to add another mortgage to his estate.

Such is a brief sketch of the transactions of Irish Grand Juries, as those judicatures at present operate.

CLAVERING'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY,[1]

CONTAINING OPINIONS, CHARACTERS, &c. OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

SHELLEY had some excellent qualities: I attribute his eccentricities to a spice of insanity. He often wrote unintelligibly;—sometimes in short lyrics, beautifully. The ashes of him and Keats sleep together in the Protestant chapel at Rome. I am resolved once more to visit *Lirici*, where the funeral pile of his relics was lighted. I am never so happy as when I am travelling on the Continent; the mere change of air, and locomotion, gives me vigour. I saw old Sir William Wraxall at Dover, a few days before he died, and meant to have accompanied him to Paris. He was still full of anecdote, to which it was necessary to listen with caution; but his information was often curious and valuable. He was one of our oldest litterateurs.

Not long after him comes Mathias, whom I have not seen for some years. The last time I beheld him was on one of the jetties at Naples, with the Mediterranean lashing its feet. He had got access to all the best Neapolitan society. The Italians gave him credit for a critical knowledge of their literature.

I have visited Naples not less than ten times in my life. As long ago as the reign of Charles I. one of my ancestors married an Italian lady of high family, whose mother was a daughter of Sir Robert Dudley, who called himself Duke of Northumberland. The family still exists at Naples, and they have kindly acknowledged the alliance, and shown me every hospitality. I once met there a Sicilian princess, who was, without exception, the handsomest woman I have seen. We afterwards travelled together as far as Milan, whither she was going with her husband, in 1816. She was allied to the Viscontis, who received us with great civility. That journey was among my very happy days. Milan is magnificent, but dull; its greatest attractions are its theatres, and the Ambrocienne Library, with L. de Vinci's pictures. The nobles are rich, proud, and reserved; they feel the iron rod of the Austrians.

Every one knows the Virgil here, in which Petrarch has written with his own hand his lamentation for the death of Laura. There seems to be no rational doubt of its authenticity. The very intrinsic evidence of the pathetic words is in my opinion conclusive in its favour. Mr. John Cam Hobhouse doubts the existence of Laura, as a real personage:—a most extraordinary doubt! I have seen other unquestionable autographs of Petrarch; and the hand-writing is identical. Whenever I trod on the ground that Petrarch had trod, I thought myself inspired! I cannot describe the lofty and imaginative feelings I experienced, whenever I passed the Euganean hills! The very name of Arqua makes all my veins glow and tremble.

By the long catalogue of the persons I have encountered in the world, I may seem to have passed my life in society; but a much larger portion has been passed in solitude, which I love best. There I indulge myself

[1] Continued from p. 59.

uninterruptedly in my own creations, unannoyed by the humours of the world, for whose caprices I am far too morbid.

Petrarch does not appear to me the greatest of poets for his Italian compositions, because he wants the prolonged invention of the epic, like Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso; but otherwise his feeling is generally far more poetical than any of them. His dreaminess, his beauty, his grace, his pathos, his harmony, are unimitated and inimitable! The Italian language also has a poetical sound, beyond all other modern languages. I have often read with astonishment, and some degree of anger, Sismondi's unfavourable opinion of Petrarch's sonnets, as expressed in his *Litterature du Midi.*

Some years ago I met Sismondi; I could not agree with his ULTRA-LIBERAL politics! He has married an English lady, but does not seem to love the English. He himself once suffered from excessive revolutionism, and was condemned to death by it when young, about 1794, in the reign of terror, when *Monsieur Raville* and others were shot at Geneva. One would have thought that this would have made a convert of him in favour of legitimate governments. But I forget: he does not call them legitimate! He is a thick man, of middle height, with strong features, sallow, with weak eyes, rapid and rather indistinct in his articulation, with a character of great generosity and kindness; but not very tolerant to others in political thinking.

As my name is not known as an author—having always chosen to be anonymous—I did not expect any flattering reception from him; but I must say, that he was in the highest degree hospitable and attentive. He gives soirées made up of all nations;—Italian princes, Germans, Poles, Russians, Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, &c.

About 1802, strange lawyers perched upon the judgment-seat. Law, Pepper, Arden, and John Mitford! The little Pepper once took it into his head to review a cavalry regiment of fencibles, when he was Master of the Rolls. An unruly horse of one of the officers got head in a charge, and nearly ran over the affrighted judge. I was on the field, saw it all; and heard the small staring man's terrible shriek! He swore that nothing should ever make him go soldiering again! He could not recollect his law-cases for a fortnight to come! He had some fun about him, and was always crying out, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam, ne sutor ultra crepidam!*" and indeed he looked like a shoemaker. A bowel-complaint carried him off. Perhaps it was the fright!

A certain learned theological bishop of that fraternity, a warm controversialist, long since dead, was of an amorous disposition. One day, being left alone with a pretty young lady, he began to be rude to her; she knocked off his prelated wig, and stamped it under her foot. At that time the footman entered, and all was confusion! The girl was in tears; the bishop's pate was bald. The footman was left to wonder! Some squibs appeared in the papers of the day, which few understood. I wrote a piquant epigram, which I will not revive. Old Thurlow, who was the prelate's friend and patron, laughed outright, and clapped me on the back when I dined with him a few days afterwards.

The old ex-chancellor used to praise my epigram. "*Sal—sal!*" he cried, "*meram sal!*" They were too personal and temporary not to be forgotten; and I have willingly consigned them all to the flames. I used to enjoy it when I heard certain critics say of me, "What a grave,

melancholy fellow! he is all sober, solemn sadness!" all the while my jokes (piquant enough) were running the course of the newspapers! When I was sad, I wrote in a sad strain, not otherwise! The stupid censors exclaimed, "That is a tall fellow, who knows nothing of the world: he is lost in his own wild imaginations!" All the while old sarcastic, bitter, cunning Thurlow knew better. He told me he enjoyed my company, for my penetration into character, for my point, for my skill in applying the spear of sharp sagacity to blow up the conceit of the vain and the foolish! I did not like his favourite companion, old Will Hay, quite so well; he had the same bitterness, but not the same strength and solidity of talent. I grieved for the old peer's daughter, Mrs. Browne, to whom he was too relentless. She was a pretty, agreeable, good-natured, sensible, amiable woman. More than thirty years have passed since I have seen her. I knew little of her husband, now General Browne. He was pointed out to me at Dublin.

I have spoken more than once, I think, of Mr. Bridges of Denton, now Sir Egerton; and it is a little strange that I never, since I met him at Mr. Carter's, at Deal, nearly thirty years ago, had any personal intercourse with him. For several years he has resided principally on the Continent; but as I more than once, both in France and Italy, have been in the same places with him, I cannot account for our not having been ever thrown together. Some, at least, of our pursuits have been congenial. I have found no man more variously spoken of. He has warm friends and advocates; but he has also bitter enemies. I shall not venture to give an opinion as he is living, and it is my purpose to deal principally with the dead. His publications are multitudinous, and in various departments of literature. I find his name in the Reviews nearly half a century ago, as a candidate for the poetical laurel; his little romance of *Mary de Clifford* was once popular; but as it was written with an enthusiastic and imaginative *chaleur*, it was forbidden at many of the boarding-schools of young ladies. During the rage of equality at the French Revolution, his *Fitzalbini*, published in 1798, was well received by the aristocratic party, as advocating the spirit of their sentiments. Many critics blame him for the haste with which he writes, and for want of complexity and contrivance in his plots. He has the appearance of pride and reserve; but I am assured that he is the reverse of these. I heard the late Mr. Richard Chenevix, then resident at Paris, once defend him very warmly. He said that no man had been more misunderstood; and I once heard Wordsworth speak kindly of him.

Chinevix was a man of high manners, great talent, and great acquirements. He was a tall, handsome man, with strong features, and a nose somewhat aquiline. He was a craniologist, and he wrote several articles in the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews on French statistics; and one in the Foreign Quarterly on his favourite craniology.

At the time I speak of, I was more than once in company with Washington Irving, a most amiable man and great genius, but not lively in conversation. The engraved portraits I have seen of him are not very like him. He frequented the reading-room of Galignani at Paris, and seemed to have some literary connexions with him. There I saw Captain Medwin, the author of the book called *Lord Byron's Conversations*, which I believe to have been accurately reported. He was with his friend Grattan, the author of *High-ways and Bye-ways*. I was not per-

sonally acquainted with either of them. Grattan's flat nose is somewhat concealed in the print given of him in Colburn's Magazine, where this author, of course, makes a distinguished figure.

The late Professor Pictet, of Geneva, who had spent some of his early days in England, and was very fond of it, told me some curious anecdotes of his countryman *De Lolme*, whose book on the English Constitution is much more commended than it deserves. He once endeavoured to set up a rival Journal to Old Swinton's *Courrier de l'Europe*, but his absurd denial of Rodney's victory ruined the project. De Vergennes, the French Minister, patronized it. Brissot was connected with Swinton in the above-named Journal. One of Swinton's sons holds a high situation in the British Government in India:—another commanded a ship in the Company's service. Old Swinton was a Scotch Jacobite, and forfeited.

Horace Walpole, who died Earl of Orford, was a little old man with small features—very lively and amusing,—who talked just as he wrote: but a little too fond of baubles and curiosities. He had a witty mind, but not a great one:—yet he was a man of genius. His family was ancient, but his vanity made him always endeavour to represent it of much more consequence than it was. They had a great deal of the Norfolk squierarchy about them. He could not bear his uncle Horace, the diplomatist, whose son, the grandfather of the present earl, with his little tie-wig, looked like an old-fashioned glover.

I have mentioned Mrs. Macauley, the historian. She had a dog latterly, of which she made a great pet, and on being asked why she bestowed so much care on it, she answered—"Why! are you aware whence it came? It is a true republican, and has been stroked by the hand of Washington!" The event of the French Revolution maddened her with joy; but when the news came of Louis the Sixteenth's escape, and before she heard he had been brought back, she took to her bed, wrote to her friends that she should die of the disappointment—and did die. She complained that Dr. Graham had given her a love-potion! Her young husband used her ill.

Tom Warton, the poet, was a good-natured man, but addicted to low company. He was fond of

"Smoking his pipe upon an alehouse bench!"

He was tutor to Colonel North, the son of the minister, who thought he neglected him. This connexion, perhaps, led him to write the *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, or rather that this family were founders of Warton's College. He also wrote the life of the President Bathurst, who was elder brother of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, a commercial man, father to the first Lord Bathurst, the friend of the Pope the poet, and who lived to the age of ninety, in possession of his faculties,—always calling his son, the Chancellor, "the old man!" He was one of Queen Anne's *twelve* peers—but so rapid has been the extinction and change, that the Bathursts are now considered old nobility. He sprung from one of the *Grey Coat* families in the weald of Kent, the clothiers.

When I was about the age of twenty-two, I became acquainted in London with George, the last Lord Willoughby of Parham—he was an excellent young man; but a want of fortune to support his rank in some degree broke his spirit. He succeeded his uncle, who a few years before had proved his right to the peerage under extraordinary circumstances.

He was the descendant of Sir Ambrose Willoughby, the second son of the second peer. Sir Ambrose was one of those heroic sea-captains who distinguished themselves against the Spanish Armada. His son, who had little inheritance, left a family unprovided for. The eldest son, who followed some mean occupation, went to America and settled at Hull's Creek in Virginia. In the mean time, the lineal possessor of the peerage died without male issue. A descendant of Sir Thomas Willoughby, a younger brother of Sir Ambrose, then stepped into the honour, on the allegation that the male issue of Sir Ambrose was extinct. At that time he is said to have been serving as a private soldier. When Henry Willoughby, the grandson of Sir Ambrose, heard of this in Virginia, he remonstrated, but in vain: the other had already taken his seat. He continued very poor, and his family grew from bad to worse. At length, nearly ninety years afterwards, the peer, who was the son of the usurper, died without issue. Then Henry, a cutler in the Minories, London, the heir of this excluded branch, renewed his claim, and after a fierce opposition, and a violent speech from Lord Camden, then Chancellor, against the pretension, obtained a vote in his favour. My friend, George, the son of one who had passed his life in a mean station, succeeded his uncle. He was a plain, virtuous young man; but died early of a fever, unmarried.

I have seen a note of it in old William Cole's MSS. in the British Museum. I once carried a message from an Irish friend to Cole, at his living at Milton, near Cambridge. His whole occupation was to preserve notices with his own pen in these MS. volumes. He made miscellaneous entries of the merest trifles. He was a gossip, and loved scandal. He was an Etonian and a scholar,—credulous, quarrelsome, and foul-minded. He used to come to Cambridge to pick up news and tales; and was therefore suspected and avoided. He was personally acquainted with Gray, the poet, a brother Etonian. He lived obscurely, and in a slovenly manner, but was amusing, and not without talent. In early life he had had a wide aquaintance; but his prejudices and his bigotry to particular opinions were offensive. He was an excellent topographical antiquary and genealogist.

When the late Fox Lane fell into the hands of Sir Robert Mackreth, the old gambler soon fleeced him of a large part of his fortune. Fox Lane was the natural son of the last Lord Bingley, who was son of an apothecary by the sister or niece of Benson. Lord Bingley, himself, the son of a Yorkshire attorney, who made a large fortune by all sorts of plunder. The case of Fox Lane and Mackreth may be seen reported at large by the late Mr. Hargrave, in his curious collection of law-tracts. Hargrave was a lawyer of extraordinary research and talent, in branches of the profession which few others studied. The practical lawyers considered him too speculative, and not always sound. Latterly, he fell into pecuniary distress, and became a lunatic. A parliamentary grant was obtained for the purchase of his library. Hargrave is said to have suffered by the imprudences of some members of his family. When I first became acquainted with him, he was engaged in an edition of Coke upon Littleton.

Old Dr. Farmer, the head of Emanuel College, Cambridge, Prebendary of Canterbury, and afterwards of St. Paul's, or Westminster, used to frequent a club in London, to which I belonged. He was at first re-

served and silent: but his forte was humour and drollery. At Cambridge he neglected forms and ceremonies in his college too much: and was in all his glory when in dishabille in his study, with his cat by his side, and his Shakespeare tracts about him. He found no literature at Canterbury, and was disgusted with his brother members of the cathedral: quaint Dean Horne, and chattering romancing Dr. Berkeley, and his rhodomontading wife, were not suited to him, and as little her son Monke Berkeley, of whom she gave such an absurd and mendacious memoir, and who had none of his celebrated grandfather Bishop Berkeley's genius. Farmer had some cleverness, but no leading talent. He collected an immense quantity of rare and forgotten old English books—especially poetry and the drama—at a trifling price. Todd, the learned editor of Milton, Spencer, &c., was then a member of that cathedral; but as his literary superiority was not pleasant to those above him in that establishment, he was got rid of by promotion, elsewhere, out of their patronage. He wrote the lives of the Deans of that Church, which does not rise to more than local interest. It is a dull book.

It has been my fate to be acquainted with Irish Secretaries. I saw much of little Charles Abbot- -afterwards Speaker—and at last Lord Colchester. He was a pompous dwarf; yet of an analytical head. Nothing could be more amusing than to see him strut up the House of Commons to take the chair; nor was the amusement less to listen to him, when he delivered his edicts, or the thanks of the House from the chair. His sonorous voice issuing from a diminutive person, and the epigrammatic points of empty sentences, formed with great artifice, were in very bad taste—though much admired by a House which consisted of so few men of a classical education. His rise was extraordinary, because his talents little exceeded mediocrity. But he was a courtier, and an intriguant. He was son of a schoolmaster at Colchester.

Swift, though of English extraction, was born in Ireland. From some memoranda of my grandfather's, I learn, that he did not speak of his residence with Sir William Temple at Moore Park, in Surrey, without spleen. He seemed to retain a sort of unwilling awe of Sir William; but not to have loved him. Sir William was a ceremonious courtier: Swift's early habits were somewhat rude and slovenly. Swift had genius, as Gulliver's Travels prove; but there is no genius in his poetry. He was both proud and vain. His ancestor was the rector of a small living in Kent; his father an attorney. When I was quartered at Canterbury, I saw the monument for one of his ancestors, preserved out of the old church at St. Andrew's and replaced in the new one. The arms sculptured on it are totally different from what Swift erroneously supposes the family to have borne: this ancestor was minister of that parish—not a prebendary, as Swift represents. Miss Vanhomrigg was cousin of my grandfather, who considered that Swift had used her very cruelly.

My grandfather had received some encouragement from Mr. *Westley*, to expect the fortune from him, which he at last left to Mr. *Colley*, who was afterwards created *Lord Mornington*. I do not know why they changed the name from *Westley* to *Wellesley*, unless they were afraid of being thought *methodists*, of which there was no danger: nor do I know why they have changed *Colley* into *Cowley*, unless they wished to have the reputation of an alliance to the poet, which is equally improbable. Lord Wellesley has been a good writer of Latin verses; but I never

heard that the Duke, or his other brothers, tried their hands at "tagging rhymes." The Irish Westleys were ancient: the Colleys came out of Rutlandshire; and Colley Cibber claimed to be maternally descended from that family. I remember the Duke at Dublin, when he held office under the late Duke of Richmond, whose son, the present Duke of Richmond, helped to unsaddle his grace from the premiership, to which he again so anxiously turns his eyes,—though his nephew, Long Wellesley, is not very anxious to assist him; and the reign of ultra-toryism is, I trust, over for ever; notwithstanding Basil Hall's *corps!* What would the said Basil's uncle, Lord Duer, have said to him?

This puts me in mind of the late Monsieur Etienne Dumont, of Geneva, the friend and commentator of old Jeremy Bentham, whom I often met at Romilly's house in London, in 1789. He was a man of astonishing talents, sagacity, acuteness, and clearness of head. What part he had in the brilliant effusions of Mirabeau, and in the French Revolution, may be seen by his posthumous work, just published at Paris, entitled *Souvenirs de Mirabeau.* He was a short thick man, of coarse features, blear eyed, and slovenly in his dress: but of mild manners, hospitable, an excellent story-teller, and much beloved. I think he had been at one time librarian to old Lord Lansdowne. He died at Milan, in 1829, aged about 70. The French cannot contain their rage at the exposure that he was the spirit who moved their brilliant Mirabeau.

I was once talking to Anna Maria Porter about him, when she expressed her astonishment at the admiration I bestowed on him! She said, "I thought you was a Whig, and an aristocrat! how can you commend a revolutionary radical?" I answered, "You mistake his character, he is not a radical in the sense you mean! he considers Tom Paine's Rights of Man to be mischievous nonsense!" I could not convince her: but I made my peace with her by praising, with the utmost sincerity, her beautiful novel, *The Recluse of Norway.* I found her full of good sense, and with much command of language. She will forgive me for saying she had not the personal beauty of her gentle sister Jane. She paid many compliments to the imaginative *vivants* of the green island; for she perceived by my tones that I was an Irishman, though I am not sure, that she knew even my name; for the company was numerous, and of all countries. It was an evening assembly, in which the rooms were so full, that one could hardly move. Tommy Moore was there, and though he is, a very little man he was the great lion of the evening; all the young ladies were dying to see the bard whose verses they had chaunted so often with thrilling bosoms, and tears running down their cheeks. They were not quite satisfied when they saw a diminutive man, not reaching five feet, with a curly natural brown scratch, handing about an ugly old dowager or two, who fondly leaned upon his arms, even though they discovered them to be ladies of high titles.

Rogers came in late, and went away early, looking sallower and more indifferent than usual. He paid a few bows and compliments to two or three noble peeresses, and then retired.

The Rev. Thomas Frognel Dibdin was there. He was very facetious and quaint; when he found himself by my side, he instantly started off, crying to me; "Brobdignagnian! We Lilliputians must not stand by you! You would make a soldier for the King of Prussia! Look at that tall lady there, that Miss de V——; why do you not take her for a

wife?" E—— G——n heard what he said, and looked fierce at us both! I expected another *Bluviad!* Perhaps the ingenious bibliographer does not recollect the conversation; but he may be assured it took place. And I entreat also Anna Maria Porter to tax her memory, and recal the very interesting and sensible conversation I had with her. I told her some anecdotes of her brother, Sir Robert, whom I met on our travels, which pleased her. Jane would not talk much that night; something heavy seemed to have seized her spirits. Let Jane recollect how she once related to me the curious history and character of Percival Stockdale! It happened at the house of a friend in London, whom I shall not point out with too much particularity. Dibdin endeavoured to excite the envy of some of us litterateurs, that we were not, like him, members of the Roxburgh, which had dukes, and earls, and chancellors of the exchequer, and judges, and the great Magician of the North into the bargain!

I have some curious letters which passed between my ancestor, Sir Robert Dudley, and Sydney, the second Earl of Leicester (of that name). They are very sharp on both sides. Lord Leicester boldly called him a bastard, and Sir Robert as boldly called the Earl an usurper. They were both men of great talents, and very eloquent. My own opinion is very strong that Sir Robert was legitimate, and that the Sydneys knew him to be so. He was defeated by the authority of the villanous court of Star Chamber. Charles I. created his wife Duchess, whom Sir Robert left in England. My ancestress was one of the children by Miss Southwell, who accompanied him abroad. So was the mother of the Duchess of Shrewsbury, (for whom see St. Simon's Memoirs.) I think it was the brother of this Duchess of Shrewsbury, an Italian prince, who was hanged in England for murder.

The portraits, at Penshurst, of Sir Henry Sydney, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and his wife, Lady Mary Dudley, the aunt of Sir Robert, are inexpressibly interesting and beautiful specimens of the art. King James II. offered an Irish baronetage to Robert Clavering, the son of the marriage with Sir Robert Dudley's grand-daughter; but he rejected it with indignation, thinking himself entitled to the rank of a peerage. After that king's abdication, he escaped attainder with great difficulty, giving up considerable estates as bribes to some powerful members of the prevailing government. He had been intimate with Fitton, the late chancellor, whose character, I must confess, will not bear examination. (See Walter Harris's Life of William III.)

The son of this Robert Clavering was one of Swift's intimate friends, and an equally violent Tory. He also corresponded with St. John, (Lord Bolingbroke,) with whom he was in some way connected through the eccentric family of Hungerford, then numerous, but now extinct. Every one has heard of the spendthrift, Sir Edward Hungerford, of Wiltshire. Some amusing anecdotes are told of one of the last of the Hungerfords in Richard Edgeworth's Memoirs, who was connected with him by marriage. I believe Sir Richard Hoare has published collections regarding this family; but I have not seen them. There happened to be in a certain set of families for generations, the vanity of being the greatest and most dissolute *rakes* of their day: such were Rochester, Villiers, Bolingbroke, Hinchinbroke, Thomas Lord Lyttelton.

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.—No. IX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"HHAM d'illah! Praise be to God!" exclaimed the Pacha, as the Divan closed. "This is dry work, hearing petitions for three hours, and not a sequin to my treasury. Mustapha, has the Renegade come back?"

"The Kafir waits to kiss the dust of your sublime feet," replied the Vizier.

"Let him approach, then, Mustapha," said the Pacha joyfully, and the Renegade immediately made his appearance.

"Khosh amedeid, you are welcome, Huckaback. We have had our ears poisoned since you quitted us. I forget where it was that you left off."

"May it please your Highness, at the ending of my second voyage, in which——"

"I remember—when the Frankish woman God, stopped the leak. You may proceed."

The Renegade bowed, and commenced his third voyage, as follows:—

"I believe that I stated to your Highness, at the end of my second voyage, I determined to go to Toulon, and make some inquiry after my dear Cerise."

"I recollect you did," interrupted the Pacha, "but I tell you again, as I told you before, that I want to know nothing about her. Have the goodness to skip all that part, or it will be five sequins out of your pocket."

"Your Highness shall be obeyed," replied the Renegade, who, after musing a short time, continued:—

THIRD VOYAGE OF HUCKABACK.

I was so affected at the intelligence of Cerise having destroyed herself, that I found it impossible to remain on shore. Having met with the Captain of a whaler, who expatiated on the fortune which might be realized by embarking in the speculation, I purchased a large ship, and fitted it out for a voyage to Baffin's Bay. This consumed all the money I had left, but as I expected to return with ten times the sum, I made no scruple of parting with it.

My crew consisted of about thirty men, all strong fellows; ten of them Englishmen, and the remainder from my own country. We stood to the northward, until we reached the ice, which floated high as mountains, and steering in between it, we at last came to a fine open water, where a large quantity of whales were blowing in every direction. Our boats were soon hoisted out, and we were extremely fortunate, having twenty-three fish on board, and boiled down, before the season was over.

I now considered my fortune made; and the ship being full up to the beams, we made all sail to return home. But a heavy gale came on from the southward, which drove all the ice together, and our ship with it, and we were in great danger of being squeezed to atoms. Fortunately, we made fast in a bight, on the lee side of a great iceberg, which preserved us, and we anxiously awaited for the termination of the gale, to enable us to proceed. But when the gale subsided, a hard frost came on, and we were completely frozen up, where we lay—the ice formed round to the depth of several feet, and lifted the ship, laden as she was, out of the water.

The English, who were experienced fishermen, told us, that we had no chance of being released until next spring. I ascended to the mast-head, and perceived that for miles, as far as the eye could scan the horizon, there was nothing but one continued succession of Iceberg and floes inseparably united. Despairing, therefore, of any release, until the cold weather should break up, I made all arrangements for remaining during the winter. Our provisions were very short, and we were obliged to make use of the whale oil, but it soon produced such dysenteries, that it was no longer resorted to.

After two months, the cold became intense, and our fuel ran short. At the end of three months the crew complained of scurvy, and could not move about the decks. At the end of the fourth month, they had all died except the chief harpooner, a fat porpus of an Englishman, and myself.

The bodies remained on the deck, for the cold was so intense that they would not have been tainted for centuries; and, as at the end of five months, the provisions were all expended, we were again obliged to resort to the whale oil.

The whale oil produced a return of our complaints, and having no other resource, we were forced by imperious hunger to make our repasts from one of the bodies of our dead shipmates. They were so hard, that it was with difficulty that we could separate a portion with an axe, and the flesh broke off in fragments, as if we had been splitting a piece of granite; but it thawed before the fire, which we had contrived to keep alight, by supplying it from the bulwarks of the quarter-deck, which we cut away as we required them. The old harpooner and I lived together on the best terms for a month, during which we seldom quitted the cabin of the vessel, having now drawn down the third dead body, which we cut up as we required it, with less difficulty than before, from the change in the weather.

The ice continued breaking up, and all day and night we were startled at the loud crashing which took place, as the icebergs separated from each other. But my disgust at feeding upon human flesh produced a sort of insanity. I had always been partial to good eating, and was by no means an indifferent cook; and I determined to try whether something more palatable could not be provided for our meals; the idea haunted me day and night, and at last I imagined myself a French restaurateur; I tied a cloth before me as an apron, put on a cotton night-cap instead of my fur cap, and was about to make a trial of my skill, when I discovered that I had no lard, no fat of any kind except train oil, which I rejected as not being suitable to the "*cuisine Francoise.*" My messmates who lay dead, were examined one by one, but they had fallen away so much previous to their decease, that not a symptom of fat was to be perceived. Without fat I could do nothing—and as I thought of it in despair, my eye was caught by the rotundity of paunch which still appertained to the English harpooner, the only living being besides myself out of so many. I must have fat, cried I fiercely, as I surveyed his unwieldy carcase. He started when he observed the rolling of my eye, and perceiving that I was advancing towards him, sharpening my knife, he did not think it prudent to trust himself longer in my company. Snatching up two or three blankets, he ran on deck, and contrived to ascend to the main-top before I could follow him. There he held me at bay, and I continued watching him from below with my large carving knife in my hand, which I occasionally whetted. He remained aloft all night, and so did I on deck, to get possession of him when he should descend. I was so eager in my phrenzy to obtain him, that I felt neither cold nor hunger; the weather during the day was now warm enough to be pleasant, but the nights were piercing. My fat shipmate remained in the top for three days and nights, during which period I never removed from my post. At the close of the third day he looked

over the top brim, and implored my mercy. When he showed himself I hardly knew him, so much had he wasted away, and it then struck me, that if he remained aloft much longer he would have no more fat than the others, and would not serve my purpose. I therefore pledged him my honour, that I would not attempt his life for ten days; and as he was perishing with the cold, he agreed to the armistice, and once more descended to the deck. But I was saved the crime of murder, for he was so ravenous when he came down, that he eat nearly the whole of a man's leg, and died from repletion during the night. I cannot express to your Highness the satisfaction that I felt at finding that the carcase of the harpooner was in my possession. I surveyed my treasure over and over again with delight. I could now cook my French dishes. He was soon dissected, and all his unctuous parts carefully melted down, and I found that I had a stock which would last me as long as the bodies which I had remaining to exercise my skill upon. The first day I succeeded admirably—I cooked my dishes; and when they were ready I took off my night-cap and apron, passed my fingers through my hair, and fancied myself a garçon at a restaurateur's. I laid the cloth, put the dishes on the table, and when it was complete, went on deck and then returned as the *bon vivant* who had ordered the dinner.

Never was any meal so delicious to my insane fancy. I devoured every thing which I had cooked, and drank water for Champagne. I meditated upon what I should have for dinner on the ensuing day, and then retired to my bed. In the meantime the ice had separated, and the ship was again afloat; but I cared not: all my ideas were concentrated in the pleasures of the table—and the next morning I went on deck to obtain a piece of meat, when I was astonished at a terrific growl. I turned my head, and perceived an enormous white bear, who was making sad depredations in my larder, having nearly finished the whole body of one of my dead shipmates. He was as large as an ox, so large that when he made a rush at me, and I slipped down the ladder, he could not follow me. I again looked up, and perceived that he had finished his meal. After walking round the decks two or three times, smelling at every thing, he plunged overboard and disappeared.

Glad to be rid of so unpleasant a visitor, I came up, and cutting off the meat I required, again exerted my cookery, was again satisfied and went to sleep. I never felt so happy as I then did in my insane condition. All I thought of, all I wished, I could command—my happiness was concentrated in eating my fellow-creatures, cooked in a proper manner, instead of the usual method of bolting them down to satisfy the cravings of imperious hunger. I woke the next morning as usual, and when I crawled on deck, was again saluted with the angry growl of the bear, who was busy making are past upon another body—when he had finished he plunged into the sea as before.

I now thought it high time to put an end to these depredations on my larder, which in a few days would have left me destitute. My invention was called into action, and I hit upon a plan, which I thought would succeed. I dragged all the bodies to the after part of the quarter-deck, and blocked it up before the cabin-hatch with swabs and small sails, so as to form a sort of dam about eight inches high. I then went below and brought up forty or fifty buckets of train oil, which I poured upon the deck abaft, so that it was covered with oil to the height of several inches. On the ensuing morning the bear came as I expected, and commenced his repast; I had stationed myself aloft, in the mizen-top, with several buckets of oil, which I poured upon him. His fur was otherwise well saturated with what he had collected when he lay down on the deck to devour one of the bodies more at his ease. When I had poured all my buckets of oil over him but one, I threw the empty buckets down upon him. This enraged him, and he mounted the rigging to be revenged. I

waited until he had arrived at the futtock shrouds, when I poured my last bucket upon him, which quite blinded him, and then gained the deck by sliding down the back stays on the opposite side.

A bear can climb fast, but is very slow in his descent—the consequence was that I had plenty of time for my arrangements. I ran below, and lighting a torch of oakum, which I had prepared in readiness, placed it to his hinder quarters as he descended. The effect was exactly what I had anticipated; his thick fur, covered in every part with oil, was immediately in a blaze, and burnt with such rapidity, that before he could recover his feet on deck, he was like an immense ball of fire. I retreated to the companion-hatch to watch his motions. His first act was to return to the quarter-deck and roll himself in the oil, with an idea of quenching the flames, but this added fuel to them, and the animal roaring in his agony at last jumped into the sea and disappeared.

Having thus rid myself of my intruder I returned to my cooking. The ship was now clear of ice, the weather was warm, the bodies of my shipmates emitted a fetid smell, but I saw and smelt nothing; all that I observed was that the barley which had been scattered on the deck by the fowls, had sprung up about the decks, and I congratulated myself upon the variety it would give to my culinary pursuits. I continued to cook, to eat, and to sleep as before, when a circumstance occurred, which put an end to all my culinary madness. One night I found the water washing by the side of my standing bed-place in the cabin, and jumping out in alarm to ascertain the cause, I plunged over head and ears. The fact was, that the ship, when lifted by the ice, had sprung a leak which had gradually filled her without my perceiving it. My fear of drowning was so great, that I ran into the very danger which I would have avoided. I darted out of the cabin windows into the sea, whereas had I gone upon deck I should have been safe; for a little reflection might have told me, that a vessel laden with oil could not have sunk—but reflection came too late, and benumbed with the coldness of the waters, I could have struggled but a few seconds more, when I suddenly came in contact with a spar somewhat bigger than a boat's mast. I seized it to support myself, and was surprised at finding it jerked from me occasionally, as if there was somebody else who had hold of it, and who wished to force me to let it go; but it was quite dark, and I could distinguish nothing. I clung to it until daylight appeared, when what was my horror to perceive an enormous shark close to me. I nearly let go my hold and sunk, so paralysed was I with fear. I anticipated every moment to feel his teeth crushing me in half, and I shut my eyes that I might not add to the horrors of my death, by being a witness to the means. Some minutes had elapsed, which appeared to me as so many hours, when surprised at being still alive, I ventured to open my eyes. The shark was still at the same distance from me, and on examination I perceived that the boat's-mast or spar, to which I was clinging, had been passed through his nose in a transverse direction, being exactly balanced on either side. The shark was of the description found in the North Seas, which is called by the sailors the blind shark. I now perfectly understood that he had been caught and *spritsail yarded*, as the seamen term it, and then turned adrift for their diversion. The buoyancy of the spar prevents the animal from sinking down under the water, and this punishment of their dreaded enemy is a very favourite amusement of sailors.

I summoned up all my courage, and being tired of holding on by the spar, resolved to mount upon his back, which I accomplished without difficulty, and I found the seat on his shoulders before the dorsal fin, not only secure but very comfortable. The animal, unaccustomed to carry weight, made several attempts to get rid of me, but not being able to sink I retained my seat. He then increased his velocity, and we went on over a smooth sea, at the rate of about three knots an hour. For two

days I continued my course to the southward, upon my novel conveyance, during which I had nothing to eat except a few small barnacles, and some parasitical vermin, peculiar to the animal, which I discovered under his fins. I also found a small *remora*, or sucking fish, near his tail, but when I put it to my mouth, it fixed itself so firmly on both my lips that I thought they were sealed for ever. No force could detach it, and there it hung like a padlock for many hours, to my great mortification and annoyance, but at last it died from being so long out of water, and when it dropped off I devoured it.

On the third day I observed land at a distance; it appeared to be an island, but I had no idea what it could be. My steed continued his course straight towards it, and being blind run his nose right upon the shore; before he found out his mistake I slipped off his back, and climbing the steep side of the island, was once more, as I thought, on terra firma. Tired with long watching, I laid down and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by something touching me on the shoulder, and opening my eyes, I perceived that I was surrounded by several people, whom I naturally inferred to be the natives of the island. They were clad in dresses, which appeared to me to be made of black leather, consisting of a pair of trowsers, and a long pea jacket, very similar to those worn by the Esquimaux Indians, which we occasionally fell in with in the Northern Ocean. They each held a long harpoon, formed entirely of bone, in their right hands.

I was not a little surprised at being addressed in the Patois dialect of the Basques in my own country, which is spoken about Bayonne and other parts adjacent to the Pyrennees. To their questions I answered that I was the only survivor of the crew of a whaler, which had been frozen up in the ice, during the winter; that she had filled with water, and that I had saved myself upon the back of a shark.

They expressed no surprise at my unheard-of conveyance to the island; on the contrary, merely observed, that sharks were too vicious to ride; and asked me to accompany them to their town, an invitation which I gladly accepted. As I walked along I observed that the island was composed of white porous pumice stone, without the least symptoms of vegetation; not even a piece of moss could I discover—nothing but the bare pumice stone, with thousands of beautiful green lizards, about ten inches long, playing about in every part. The road was steep, and in several parts the rock was cut into steps to enable you to ascend. After an hour's fatiguing walk, which I never should have accomplished in my weak state, without the assistance of the islanders, we arrived at the summit. The view which met my eyes was striking. I was on the peak of a chain of hills, forming an immense amphitheatre, encircling a valley which appeared about fifteen miles in diameter, and the major part of which was occupied by a lake of water.

I could discern what appeared to be the habitations of men, on different parts of the lake; but there was not a tree or a shrub to be seen.

"What," demanded I of the man who appeared to take the lead of the rest of the party, "have you no trees here?"

"None whatever; and yet we can do very well without them. Do you not observe that there is no mould; that the island is composed entirely of pumice stone?"

"I do," replied I. "Pray what is the name of your barren spot—and in what part of the world are we?"

"As for its name, we call it Whale Island," replied the man; "but as for where we are, we cannot exactly tell ourselves, for we are a floating island, being composed entirely of pumice stone, whose specific gravity, as you must know, is much lighter than that of water."

"How strange," observed I; "I cannot believe that you are in earnest."

"And yet not quite so strange as you imagine," replied my conductor. "If you examine the structure of this island, from where you now stand, you will perceive at once, that it has been the crater of some large volcano. It is easy to imagine, that after having reared its head above the surface of the sea, by some of those sudden caprices of ever-working nature, the base has again sunk down, leaving the summit of the crater, floating on the ocean. Such is our opinion of the formation of this island; and I doubt whether your geologists on the continent would produce a more satisfactory theory."

"What? you have communicated with Europe, then?" cried I, delighted at the hopes of return."

"We have communication, but we do not communicate again. In the winter time, this island, which, strange as it may appear to you, does not change its position many hundred miles in the course of centuries, is enclosed with the icebergs in the north; when the spring appears, we are disengaged, and then drift a degree or two to the southward, seldom more."

"Are you not then affected by the winds and tides?"

"Of course we are; but there is an universal balance throughout nature, and every thing finds its level. There is order, when there appears disorder—and no stream runs in one direction, without a counter stream, to restore the equilibrium. Upon the whole, what with the under currents, and the changes which continually take place, I should say that we are very little, if at all affected by the tides—which may be considered as a sort of exercise, prescribed by nature, to keep the ocean in good health. The same may be affirmed with respect to the winds. Wind is a substance, as well as water, capable of great expansion, but still a substance. A certain portion has been allotted to the world for its convenience, and there is a regularity in its apparent variability. It must be self-evident, when all the wind has been collected to the eastward, by the N. W. gales which prevail in winter, that it must be crowded and penned up in that quarter, and, from its known expansive powers, must return and restore the equilibrium. That is the reason why we have such a long continuance of easterly winds, in the months of February and March."

"You said that you had communication with Europe?"

"We have occasionally visits perforce, from those who are cast away in ships or boats; but the people who come here, have never returned. The difficulty of leaving the island is very great; and we flatter ourselves, that few who have remained any time with us, have ever felt the desire."

"What—not to leave a barren rock, without even a blade of grass upon it."

"Happiness," replied my conductor, "does not consist in the variety of your possessions, but in being contented with what you have"—and he commenced the descent of the hill.

I followed him, in a melancholy mood, for I could imagine little comfort in such a sterile spot.

"I am not a native of this island," observed he, as we walked along; "it is more than four hundred years, since it was first inhabited by the crew of a French vessel, which was lost in the Northern ocean. But I do not wish to leave it. I was cast on it in a whale boat, when separated from the ship, in a snow storm, about twenty-five years ago. I am now a married man, with a family, and am considered one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the island, for I possess between forty and fifty whales."

"Whales!" exclaimed I, with astonishment.

"Yes," replied my conductor, "whales, which are the staple of this island, and without them we should not be so prosperous, and so happy as we are. But you have much to see and learn; you will by-and-bye acknowledge that there is nothing existing in the world, which from

necessity and by perseverance, man cannot subject to his use. Yon lake, which covers the bottom of our valley, is our source of wealth and comfort, and yields us an increase as plentiful as the most fertile plains of Italy or France."

As we arrived close to the foot of the hills, I perceived several black substances on the shores of the lake. "Are those whales," inquired I?

"They were whales, but they are now houses. That one by itself is mine, which I hope you will consider as yours, until you have made up your mind as to what you will do."

We descended to the beach, and his companions, wishing me good morning, left me with my conductor, who led the way to his house. It was composed of the skin of one entire whale, much larger than ever I had seen in the Northern ocean. The back bone and ribs of the animal served as rafters to extend the skin, which wore the resemblance of a long tent; it was further secured by ropes formed of the twisted sinews which passed over the top, and were made fast to stakes of bone firmly fixed in the ground on each side. When I entered, I found to my surprise that there was plenty of light, which was supplied from windows, composed of small panes of whalebone ground down very thin, and at the further end the head and scull of the animal formed a kitchen, the smoke from the fire escaping through the spiracles or breathing holes above.

On each side of the room into which I was ushered, were raised seats, covered with seal skins, and the other end of the house was divided off with a species of black skin, into sleeping apartments for the master of the house and his family. There was not the least smell, as I anticipated before I entered this strange dwelling-place.

I was introduced to his wife, who welcomed me with cordiality. She was dressed in the same dark skin as her husband, but of a much finer texture, and had a scarlet cap on her head, as well as scarlet trimmings to the front and bottom of her dress, which on the whole was not only comfortable, but becoming in its appearance.

A bowl of milk was presented to me, to refresh me after my walk and long abstinence.

"How!" observed I, "have you milk here, without pasture?"

"Yes," replied my host, "drink it, and tell me if you think it palatable."

I did so, and found it very little different from the asses' milk of my own country—perhaps with a little more acidity of taste. In the mean time, several varieties of shell fish, and a large cheese, were placed upon the table, which, as well as the stools, was composed entirely of bone.

"And cheese, too?" said I.

"Yes, and you will find it not bad. It is the milk of the whale which you have drank; and the cheese is prepared from the same."

"Friend Huckaback," observed the Pacha, "I think you are telling me lies. Who ever heard of whales' milk?"

"Allah forbid that I should attempt to deceive a person of your Highness's judgment; it could only end in mortification, and defeat to myself."

"That's very true," observed the Pacha.

"Your Highness has not called to mind, that the whale is what naturalists call a 'hot blood animal,' with arteries and circulation of blood similar to the human species; and that it brings forth its young alive, and nurses it at the breast."

"Very true," observed the Pacha. "I had forgot that."

My conductor resumed as follows:—"As I told you before, the whale is the staple of this island. You observe that his skin serves us as a

house; from his bones we form all our implements—from his sinews, our thickest ropes down to our finest thread. The dress we wear is composed of the belly part of the skin, dressed with a sort of soap, composed of the alkali obtained from the sea weed which abounds in the lake, and the oil of the whale. His blubber serves us for fuel and candle; his flesh for meat; and the milk is invaluable to us. It is true, we have other resources; we have our lizards, and a variety of fish and shell fish; and when we are shut up in the winter among the icebergs, we procure the flesh and skins of the seals and the polar bear. But we have no vegetable of any kind; and although the want of bread may at first be unpleasant, a few weeks will reconcile you to the privation. But it is time to repose after your fatigues—I will report your arrival to the great harpooner, after I have shown you to your chamber." He then conducted me to an inner room, where I found a couch, composed of the skins of the Polar bears, on which I threw myself, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

The next morning I was awakened by my host. "If you wish to see the whales milked, this is the hour that they are called in; a short walk will explain more to you than many hours' conversation."

I arose perfectly refreshed from my long nap, and followed my conductor. We passed a large tank. "This is our water; we are obliged not to waste it, although we have a sufficiency: the tank is coated by a cement, formed of lime, obtained by the burning of the shells of fish. We make all our vessels that are submitted to the fire, of the same substance, mixed with pounded lava; it is burnt in the fire, and glazed with sea salt."

We arrived at the edge of the lake, where we came to a large shallow dock, cut out of the lava in the side, in which were about two dozen young whales, who followed my host as he walked round the edge.

"These are my calves; we do not admit the mothers until we have first drawn off what milk we require."

Several men now came down to the beach: one of them blew a horn, formed out of a part of the horn of a sea unicorn, and immediately a herd of whales collected at the sound, and swam towards the beach. They all answered to their names; and when the men waded in the water up to their knees, quietly grounded on their sides, so as to present one of their udders to them, clear of the water. This was squeezed by four men, and the contents received into a large pail, composed of the bones of a whale, neatly hooped together by the same substance.

As soon as the breast of the animal was empty, with a lash of its tail it recovered the deep water, and swam round and round in small circles, near to the spot.

"We always leave one breast for the calf," observed my host; "when they are all milked, I shall open the pen and let the mothers in."

"What are those enormous whales which are playing at a distance?"

"They are our whale oxen," answered my host; "we find that they grow to an enormous size. Our houses are built of their skins."

"Is that a dead whale on the beach?"

"It is one of our whale boats," replied he, "but formed, as you supposed, from the skin of a whale, hardened by frequent applications of oil and lime. We use them to catch the whales, when we want them."

"You do not use the harpoon, then?"

"Only when we kill; in general we noose the tail, and fasten the rope to one of these boats, which are so buoyant, that the whale cannot take it down, and soon tires with his own exertions. I am now speaking of the males reserved for breeding, or strange whales, who sometimes find their way into our lake during the winter: our own are so domesticated from their infancy, that we have little trouble with them; but it is time that we return."

"Here," observed my host, as we passed a whale-house, "is one of our manufactories; we will step in. This is the common stuff of the country, which is used for partitions in houses, &c. This is a finer sort, such as I wear at present. Here we have the skin of the whale calf, which is usually worn by the women. This is the most expensive article of our manufactures; it is the belly part of the calf's skin, which being white, admits of a dye from the marex—a shell fish, very common on our shores."

"Have you money?" inquired I.

"None—we exchange; but the chief article of exchange, and which serves as money, is the whale cheese, which keeps for years, and improves in quality. That fine cloth is worth eight new cheeses a square yard, which is very dear."

We arrived at the house, where we found our repast ready; an excellent stew received my commendation.

"It is one of our favourite dishes," replied my host; "it is made of lizards' tails."

"Lizards' tails!"

"Yes; I am about to procure some for dinner, and you shall see my preserve."

In the course of the day I walked with my host a short distance up the hill, when we stopped at a large pit, covered with a net work, made of whales' sinews. The man who accompanied us, descended, and soon returned with a pail full of lizards, confined by a similar net over them. He took them out one by one, and pulled their tails, which were immediately left in his hand. He then notched the stump, and threw the animal into the pit.

"Of what use is it to return the animals?" observed I.

"Because their tails will grow again, by next year."

"But why, then, were the stumps notched in the middle?"

"That they might have two tails instead of one, which is invariably the case," replied my host.

But I will not tire your Highness with an account of all that I saw, and which occurred during my stay on that island. If I were to enter into the excellence of their government, which consisted of a Great Harpooner, and two councils of first and second Harpoons, or of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, ceremonies at births, and marriages, and deaths—of their amusements, and their ingenious supply of all their wants, it would afford materials for at least two volumes quarto, without margin. I shall therefore confine myself to stating, that after a sojourn of six months, I became so impatient to quit the island, that I determined to encounter any risk, rather than not accomplish it.

My host, and all the principal inhabitants, finding that no persuasions could induce me to stay, consented at last to furnish me with the means, which I had hit upon to make my escape.

I omitted to mention to your Highness, the whales had been rendered so docile, that they not only were used for draught on the lake, but even for carrying on their backs. I never could be persuaded to mount one, I had such a horror of being seated on a fish's back, after my travelling on the shark; but I had often crossed the lake in one of the great whale boats, towed by one or two of the animals fastened to it by loops over their tails. This conveyance suggested to me the idea of my escape, which I proposed to make by means of one of these large whale boats, covered completely in, and to be towed out of the mouth of the lake by one of the draught whales.

At my request, a boat was prepared, and covered in with whalebone windows, to admit light; a stock of provisions were supplied me, sufficient for a long voyage; and the whale being *put to*, I departed amidst the tears and lamentations of the friendly islanders, who looked upon me

as a man bent upon my own destruction. But I was aware that the fishery would soon commence, and had great hopes of being picked up by one of the vessels. I was soon clear of the lake; and the lad who was on the back of the draught whale, having towed me out in pursuance of his orders, until the island appeared like a cloud on the horizon, cast me loose and hastened back, that he might return home before dark.

For three weeks I remained in the inside of this enormous boat, or rather I may say fish, tossed upon the waves, but without injury, from its extreme buoyancy. One morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by a sudden blow on the outside of my vessel. I imagined that I had come in contact with an iceberg, but the sound of voices convinced me, that at last I had fallen in with my fellow creatures. A harpoon was now driven in, which I narrowly escaped, and a volley of execrations followed, by which I knew immediately that the people were English.

After a few minutes, they commenced sawing a hole in the side of my whale boat; and a piece being removed, a head was put in. Fearful of another harpoon, I had raised up my large white bear's skin as a defence, and the man perceiving it, immediately withdrew his head, swearing that there was a white bear in the belly of the whale. The boat shoved off, and they commenced firing musket balls, which pierced my boat through and through, and I was obliged to lay down at the bottom to save my life. After about twenty shots, the boat again came along side, and a man, putting his head in, and perceiving me at the bottom of the boat, covered over with the bear's skin, imagined that the animal had been killed, and reported to his companions. With some degree of apprehension they climbed in at the hole which they had cut, when I lifted up the bear's skin, and made my appearance, dressed in the black skin worn by the inhabitants of Whale's Island. This frightened them still more; one roared out that it was the devil, and they all ran to make their escape at the hole by which they entered, but in their eagerness they prevented each other.

It was with difficulty that I convinced them that I was harmless, which I did at last; and having explained in few words how I came there, they permitted me to go with them on board of the ship. The captain was very sulky when he heard the story; he had imagined it to be a dead whale, and had ordered it to be towed alongside, to cut off the blubber. Disappointed in his expectations, he swore that I was a Jonas, who had come out of the whale's belly, and there would be no luck in the ship, if I remained. The sailors, whose profits in the voyage were regulated by the number of fish taken, thought this an excellent reason for throwing me overboard; and had there not been two sail in sight, standing towards them, I certainly should have had some more adventures to narrate. At last they consented to put me on board of one which had hoisted French colours. She was from Havre, and having twelve fish on board, was returning home. The captain consented to give me a passage, and in two months I was once more in my native country.

Such, your Highness, were the adventures of my Third Voyage.

"Well, the story of the Island was rather too long," observed the Pacha, "but altogether, it was amusing. Mustapha, I think it is worth ten pieces of gold."

ITALY IN 1832.

Stat nominis umbra.

THE year 1830 will be memorable in the annals of the world, as the dawn of that fearful period predicted by the master mind of Napoleon, on the rock of St. Helena, the operation of which on the future destinies of Europe baffles the intellectual grasp of the philosophic statesman. Symptoms of a fierce and total change are already appearing in every monarchy of the Continent. What is styled a wild and bitter crusade against authority, has every where been stirred up by "the three days of July." So rapid is the march of events, that the revolution of the morning becomes in the evening the patrimony of history, to be succeeded on the morrow by another. In the midst of this European movement there is a nation so oppressed, so unfortunate, that almost every principle of political vitality appears extinct. Europe scarcely deigns to cast a look upon her, speaks of her as an ancient tradition, and pronounces her great name with a sneer of withering contempt. And yet twenty millions of men exist upon her soil, who, amid the despair of ages, still long after the "immortality of independence." To her we owe every thing — the fount that has thrice given to Europe, to the world, the sceptre of arts, of science, and of letters, — the tomb of empires, the shrine of great recollections:—this country is—Italy

"L'antica regina del' universo."

Italy contains a population of twenty-one millions, spread over a surface of 90,652 square miles, which gives about 231 inhabitants to the mile; her revenue amounts to £13,500,000 sterling; her regular army to 120,000 men; but we give these figures as an approximate estimate, for statistical studies are so neglected in Italy, and so fettered in their development by the different governments, that it is utterly impossible to arrive at accurate results.

We have here the melancholy picture of twenty millions of men, poor upon the most fertile soil, and under the most beautiful climate in the world. Wasting in futile literary disputes their fine intellectual qualities, without industry amid all the varied productions of nature, without commerce, in the most admirable geographical position. And still possessing all the elements and all the traditions of the most brilliant destiny—without a political existence. To what causes must we attribute the debasement of this people, to whose energy and prowess the world has no parallel, once masters of the commerce of Europe, and holding the sceptre or arts, of science, and of letters, astonishing the world by their opulence and the versatility of their genius? To a combination of untoward circumstances; to the fatuity of her governments; to her territorial divisions; to the very glory even, which has accrued to her from being the "*foyer*" of the Roman Church; an arena, on which for ages have combated the prejudices and the errors of mankind. But an investigation of these causes is not our object; that is more properly the province of the historian, while our own is an attempt from the aspect of the present to draw an augury of the future.

The kingdom of Sardinia defends the advanced posts of Italy on the

side of France; thus is she watched with an extreme solicitude by Austria: already have intrigues been set on foot to induce the old king to abdicate in favour of the Duke of Modena, a creature of Metternich's, but the council of state at Turin loudly opposed it, and Austria appears to have renounced it. Nevertheless she continues to have a footing in the kingdom by the appointment of General Paolucci to the command of the army, a man devoted to the House of Austria. This nomination has given the greatest umbrage to the army, and may afford the Prince de Carignan the opportunity of regaining that popularity he once enjoyed.

The Sardinian states may be properly called French Italy: in fact, the manners, physiognomy, and even the language of Turin, is almost French. The population has not the stamp of Italian character, and fifteen years have not been able to destroy the organization of Napoleon in this kingdom. The monarch is the *beau ideal* of despotism. He can annul every transaction, and every private contract, and reverse the sentences of the public tribunals. A sordid economy presides over all his acts: for example, the present minister of the interior actually holds the portfolios of the police, public instruction, and of public worship.

The Sardinian army amounts to 60,000 men, two-thirds of which are always absent *en congé* without pay. Their organization is French, but their discipline defective, and their officers mere boys. The population is estimated at 2,500,000 inhabitants, and the territorial extent of the whole kingdom at 18,100 square miles.

There exists in this state two powerful causes of dissolution, Genoa and Savoy; the latter belongs to France by her position, her manners, and her language. Genoa to independence, by the most sacred rights,* by her character, and her traditions. These two people sympathise by the common feeling of misfortune and oppression.

The character of the Genoese noblesse is haughty in the extreme, and the following anecdote will develop their dispositions towards the government. The king, in a moment of unfortunate inspiration, required from the Genoese nobility an individual oath of fidelity, or the penalty of a thousand crowns and the forfeiture of their titles. Immediately five of the first families sent in their fine, and a sixth not only refused to pay it, but threw off his allegiance and became a subject of Russia. Recent arrests have proved that the revolution of July has given an impulse to the Genoese opposition. It may be compressed for a time, but every system of oppression carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The incorporation of Savoy and Genoa with the kingdom of Sardinia, is one of the combinations of the Congress of Vienna. But this new political geography—an artificial work founded on a false basis, and so fatal in all its consequences—cannot long survive the constituted principle of its birth. The Holy Alliance has ceased to exist; and that political superstructure, the work of its diplomatic combinations, is hourly crumbling to pieces.

German Italy, or the Lombardo Venetian kingdom, presents another physiognomy. Here there exists a more powerful cause of resistance—the iron pressure of a foreign yoke. Nothing, in fact, so develops the sentiment of nationality among a people, as a common point of attack, a marked object of hatred and universal execration. Such are the Austrians in Lombardy.

* It may be added, by a treaty with England, basely violated.

More than 100,000 well-armed troops, foreigners, and consequently without either local attachment or "sympathy" for the inhabitants, whom they regard as a conquered people, press upon an unarmed population. A ravenous administration bleeds the country through all her pores. The treasury of Vienna is for Lombardy the fabulous tun of the Danaides. Every thing is done through and for Vienna. In fact, the Austrian capital is the evil genius of the country. The vice-king is but a mere cipher, a puppet kept for purposes of state pageantry, but totally without influence, for the provincial councils and the "Haute Police," correspond direct with the Austrian cabinet.

Of the Austrian police in Lombardy, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea. It is an invisible Argus, whose million of eyes are constantly on the watch—it penetrates everywhere, hears, sees, and knows, everything. One would imagine that it even haunted the air. Proteus like, it assumes every form: the domino of the masquerade, the livery of the footman, the moustache and glittering epaulette of the soldier, the tonsure and sombre cassock of the priest; it is seated in the academic chair of the professor, and enthroned in the luxurious couch of the courtesan. Such is this fearful machine, wielded by a despotic government, whose ruling object is the oppression and degradation of the people. So completely blockaded is Lombardy, that the introduction of every glimmering of foreign thought, as of foreign "materiel" or productions, is strictly prohibited. The laws of Austria alone are in vigour; throughout every department of the state Germans preside; and the creatures of Metternich, drawn from the plains of Hungary, or the valleys of Bohemia, scarcely acquainted with the national language, are called upon, in their capacity of magistrates, to decide on the fortune, the liberty, and the lives of the Lombards. There is, however, in this oppressed country, one scourge less than in Piedmont: we allude to the clergy. Austria, faithful to her old Ghibeline animosities, has always resisted the encroachments of the Pope, and confines his ministers within the strictest limits of their spiritual functions. Inflexible against every liberal political opinion, the Austrian censorship treats with indulgence every diatribe against the court of Rome, and with yet more singular inconsistency it allows to be published at Milan in the French language, a paper, the subject of which is the base of all political science—"Les Annales de Statistique." Lombardy is a much richer country than Piedmont. Many families at Milan are possessed of very considerable fortunes; while an air of ease and comfort reigns through the provinces. But it is at Venice that the traveller beholds the decay of empire in all its desolation. In vain have the Austrian government declared this once celebrated city a free port. The vicinity of Trieste has given the last death-blow to her commerce. A recent law forbids the nobles to dispose of the lead which covers the roofs of their palaces. Such was the miserable resource of poverty to which this once haughty patrician race is reduced. "Star by star" she has seen her glories expire. The population of this once Queen of the Adriatic now barely numbers 90,000 souls. And Venice,

> "The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,"

stands but the shadow of her former greatness.

If the iron pressure of a foreign yoke has a natural tendency to concentrate into one focus the energy of national resistance, it must be con-

fessed on the other hand, that the display on the part of the oppressors of an overwhelming military force, is well calculated to repress this generous "clan."

Should the Lombards, to-morrow, succeed in cutting off the 100,000 Austrians who garrison their country, they would be succeeded by fresh armies, who would fall upon their exhausted and decimated population, with an irresistible force, to which they would have nothing to oppose. We advance this opinion in order to present the question in its true point of view; and to show, that a patriot movement can only prove fatal to Italian liberty. It must be general in its conception, instantaneous in its operation—a political improvisation, and Italy will be free. Piedmont has the advantage of possessing a national army; and even in this country, the soldier, it has been seen, will not willingly act against his fellow citizens. In 1820 the government was obliged to call in the Austrians, and it was their presence alone that dispersed the Constitutionalists at Navarro.

The population of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom is estimated at 4,950,000 inhabitants; and its superficial extent at 17,800 square leagues. Austria derives from it the enormous revenue of five million sterling. The army, which amounts to 50,000 men, is distributed among the Austrian corps, along the Turkish and Polish frontiers.

Such is then the present condition of the two states, that may be looked upon as the keys of Italy; states on which repose the hopes of the future regeneration and political independence of the whole country. Lombardy is bounded on all sides by a population impatient of the Austrian yoke; and who, occupying all the passes of the Alps, would prove formidable auxiliaries. What external enemy has Piedmont to fear? It could only be Austria; but ere an Austrian army could thunder at the gates of Turin, it must previously traverse those plains of Lombardy, the scenes of so many former defeats.

The Piedmontese and the Lombards, sympathise over the degraded condition of their respective countries; their cause is the same. The ill-concerted attempts of 1820 have left behind them the germs of revolt, that await but a favourable moment to burst forth with fiery energy. The Lombards, like the Piedmontese, are excellent soldiers. Napoleon rendered them this justice. The Lombardian noblesse is enlightened, capable of the greatest sacrifices, while the people at large are devoted and prepared for resistance. Genoa is a military point of the utmost importance—in fact, there exists on every side the seeds of political regeneration and independence, isolated; they have been invariably powerless, but let them once be united, and they will prove invincible. If we pass the Po, we shall find two small duchies; the satellites of Austria, and a Roman province, in which she keeps a garrison. The duchies of Parma and Modena do not between them contain more than 900,000 souls. In the former there is more liberty than in either Piedmont or Lombardy. The Arch-duchess, Maria Louisa, does not do all the harm she might do. She persecutes no one, and allows the free introduction of every liberal European journal. In character and habits, the population is Lombardian.

The government of the duchy of Modena is a miniature tyranny, her duke—the creature of Austria and of the Jesuits; he pardons every crime, but never liberal opinions. Every law, and every measure of the

government, are directed against wealth and intelligence. Confiscation has become the order of the day. The judicial system, both civil and criminals, submitted to the "*bon plaisir*" of the prince, whose whole life appears to be one experiment of oppression on his 400,000 subjects. With a refined spirit of cruelty he tortures his state in all its members, out-Heroding even the rigours of Austria. By the death of his mother, he has recently succeeded to the duchy of Carrara, which gives him an addition of 25,000 subjects to torment. In this tyrannised state the last link of the social chain appears nearly severed. Suspicion and mistrust reign on every side; the "elite" of the population is driven into foreign exile, or peoples the dungeons of the capital. A veil of mourning hangs over the land. But the hour of retribution is advancing with gigantic strides; discontent is at its height, and an explosion, terrible in its effects, will teach this pigmy despot to feel the force that belongs to right and justice.

Tuscany may be regarded as the threshold of southern Italy; the country of transition forming the point of passage from Austrian Italy to Italy proper; participating with the one by its government, and with the other by its manners. It is the oasis of Italy; the Tadmor of freedom amid the desert of slavery. Here the despotism of the government is neutralized by ancient forms; and, above all, the personal character of the prince; but weak guarantees, it must be confessed, of social happiness.

The extent of Tuscany is 6,324 square miles, upon which exist, or rather vegetate, a population of 1,280,000 souls. Her annual revenue amounts to about £800,000 sterling, and the regular army to 4,000 men. It would be difficult to say what system of administration is in vigour in this state. The French organization and laws have been abolished, and a volume would scarce suffice to unfold the complex system of legislation, in which there is to be found neither unity nor concord.

The commerce of this state, once so flourishing, is now confined to Leghorn, and is almost totally in the hands of foreigners. The parsimony of the Florentines, which was so celebrated in the time of Dante, is to this day their national characteristic; the Grand Duke himself, though extremely rich, setting the example.

Tuscany is the country of Italy in which is the minimum of political resistance. The character of her people is mild; strangers to the empire of violent passions, they resign themselves without a murmur to their lot. We of course allude to the majority. In this country, as every where else, is to be found an enlightened minority, who aspire after something more than this lifeless torpidity, this "*dolce far niente*" existence. Although it is probable that the Tuscans would not actively co-operate in the great work of Italian regeneration, they would be no barriers to it, but would hail with enthusiasm the dawn of the star of freedom on their darkened horizon.

Tuscany is enveloped on three sides by the states of the church. Here is an abyss in the centre of Italy: a fatal abyss, which has swallowed up so many generations, so many noble thoughts, so many liberties; in fact, an entire civilization. Here commences Italy without alloy. The papal organization is a kind of "*noli me tangere.*" It appears like a Titanic skeleton ready to fall into dust. If the administra-

tion of Tuscany appeared to us a labyrinth, what name shall we give to the Roman? It is a chaos of heterogeneous institutions, which clash with each other like the elements before the creation. Yet from this very struggle there results a kind of equilibrium; for the machine works.

The population of the Eternal City is divided into two classes—the clergy and the laity. The balance is in favour of the former; as much by their numbers, as their immediate influence on the other class: for the clergy is "the state," and what people will overthrow a government from which they derive their subsistence? More than a third of the lay population draw their means of existence from the influx of foreigners, attracted thither by the imposing solemnities of the church. Were this source to fail them, starvation must be their portion. In this respect they may be compared to the inhabitants of those islands who live upon birds of passage. Another third is attached to the cardinals, in the quality of stewards, of clients, of major-domos, commerçals, and a hundred other co-operates for the suite of "an eminence" is immense; the remaining third depends immediately upon the government, by all those sinecures, in short, by all the hopes that attach an indolent people to a despotic government.

Such is the present picture of Rome. A nation never throws away a certainty for an uncertainty; and the ruin of the papal administration would destroy all those resources of revenue which the Romans so successfully work. They murmur—but their murmurs are "*Vox et preterœa nihil.*" As for the lower orders, let the Transteverini be asked if they are tired of the dominion of the pope and the cardinals; they would to a man answer the question with a negative. A combination, of which we see no probability, must take place ere a revolution can break out in the Eternal City.

In the provinces, however, the state of things is different. There exist numerous seeds of revolution; for the state, reduced to her own internal resources, drains the provinces through all their pores.

The territory of Rome, once the mistress of the world, contains only 13,000 square leagues, but of surprising fertility. The revenue is uncertain; yet, as an approximative sum, we shall venture to estimate it at £1,500,000 sterling, while the population amounts to 2,592,000. The army, composed of foreign mercenaries, does not exceed in force a Roman legion in the days of Augustus. The topographical arrondissement of the papal territory is as follows:—The four legations occupy the north. The marches extend along the Adriatic to the kingdom of Naples. Bologna, the principal city of the legations, is almost an Hanseatic town, for more liberty is enjoyed there than in any other of the papal states. Machiaveli celebrates the love of liberty of the Bolognese, and the traditions of former freedom are not extinguished among their descendants. The revolution which hurled the Bourbons from the throne of France, was hailed with enthusiasm by these people, and shed a gleam of hope on the settled darkness of their condition.

Such is the state of feeling in all Romagna, at Ravenna, at Forli, and at Ferrari. The *Marches have long been* in a state of fermentation, and they warmly espoused the principles of the Neapolitan revolution in 1820. At present, every thing wears an outward aspect of tranquillity; but it is the calm that precedes the hurricane. This mountain popula-

tion is as intelligent and as energetic as the Bolognese; they foster the same animosities and the same hopes; but their hatred is more profound, for they are cruelly oppressed by the police. The Marches, like Romagna, are peopled with secret political societies, that communicate as much as possible with the rest of Italy. Ancona, the only Roman port on the Adriatic, is far from enjoying the same privileges as Bologna, although important by her position; an ill-conceived prohibitory system undermines her commerce. The fair of Zingalia, one of the principal resources of the country, declines yearly. If we recross the Appenines, we find the same spirit of irritation against the metropolis. Spolete and Perugia are in a state bordering on open insurrection. The Delegation of Frossinona is the most southern portion of the papal states, and at the same time, the most barren and uncivilized. The inhabitants are "brigands" in their habits, and present admirable materials for a Guerilla warfare.

We have now passed in review formidable masses of political resistance. For years past they have been foaming—and have dashed themselves, to no avail, against Rome, like the waves of the sea against a rock. Where does Rome find the force to oppose so many storms? What magic power surrounds her? Is it a display of physical force? certainly not; for she governs rather morally than physically. She reposes upon her great name, upon a long habit of dominion, upon a force of opinion, a prestigo, a traditionary halo, acting on the imagination almost like a fatality; upon that singular identity of church and state, which sustains both, covering the profane and terrestrial nature of the one by the divine and sacred essence of the other. She reposes upon the want of concert among her enemies—upon a system of mistrust skilfully fomented; by her holy office, in short, which terrifies the imagination by its rigours and its mystery. And, lastly, by the vicinity of the Austrian bayonets.

How miraculous the existence of this city—so radiant amid the ruin of her former splendour—so powerful in her decadency—so imposing in her isolation. Half the world is leagued against her; her children waver in their fidelity; her very system of defence is badly concerted. She fetters without discernment the march of mind; proscribes with singular "*maladresse*" the progress of intelligence. Severe by starts, she knows neither when to punish nor when to pardon at the seasonable moment. Inconsistency, contradiction, unskilfulness, preside over all her acts; and yet she comes out of every attack victorious, and remains tranquil amid her desert of ruins. With her every thing is form and contention; her motto is "immutability." To the wants of a restless and inquisitive age she presents the ceremonies, the worn-out pomp of the middle ages; to its demands for redress, she answers by benedictions; to its cries of misery, by "*miserere.*" And yet—shall we say it?—we should witness the downfall of this power with regret. We love her ceremonies, her worn-out pomp, her benedictions, and her "*miserere.*" We, doubtless, desire the emancipation of her provinces and the happiness of her people; but we desire also Rome to remain untouched. She is the pilgrimage of thought, the asylum of grief, the refuge of fallen greatness and broken hearts. We wish Rome to remain such as forty centuries have made her; Rome with her arts, her pontifical purple, her chaos of ruins and desolation.

The kingdom of the two Sicilies is the largest, finest, and most fertile portion of the Italian peninsula; 7,420,000 souls cover an extent of 31,800 square miles; and an army of 30,000 of the worst soldiers in Europe, are kept up more for the purpose of enforcing the collection of a revenue of about three millions sterling, than the defence of the state. In theory, the judicial and administrative organization is good, but in its practice detestible. Ferdinand, on his return, maintained in all their integrity the French institutions. Up to the year 1821, things went on very well; there was despotism, but despotism without oppression. The Revolution has totally changed the face of the country. This noble enterprise, ill combined and still worse conducted, betrayed by its own leaders, and by the king himself, sunk under the united efforts of disaffection, perjury, and the Austrian bayonets. This was the origin of the atrocious system now in vigour in this ill-fated country, and which is pursued with a rigour and constancy almost unparalleled in the annals of tyranny.

The government has divided its subjects into two classes—the Absolutists on one side, and the Liberals on the other; the former enjoy all the protection of the government, while the latter are persecuted, proscribed, and condemned to death. They are pursued—if we may be allowed the expression—into the most secret recesses of the heart. The confessional is erected into an inquisition, where thought is submitted to the rack. Not only must a man denounce himself, but also his friends and relations; absolution is obtained but at this price. Thus are the minds of the timorous wavering between the shame of a base delation, or the fear of eternal damnation.

The position of a Neapolitan suspected of Carbonarism is truly terrific. He has no asylum in the world: in private life he is avoided by his friends like one attacked by an endemic; in civil life the tribunals of government are all directed against him; without either security or repose. Does he wish to throw himself into the arms of religion, he finds its ministers armed against him; and, lastly, if desirous of escaping from the accumulated horrors of his position, he seeks the exile of a foreign land, the Argus vigilance of the police on the frontier, deprives him even of this melancholy consolation.

The provinces are in the hands of intendants, who govern them with the ruthless cruelty of a Turkish Pacha. If the provincials, in their distress, venture to present a remonstrance to the court, the complaint is sent back to the provincial tribunal; and the complainant thus delivered up to the vengeance of the governor he had denounced.

The whole kingdom is involved in debt; property groans under the load of taxation; commerce languishes; industry is a nullity; and, with the exception of an Urbane guard, devoted to the government, the whole population is disarmed. In no part of Italy does there exist such general discontent. In Calabria, goaded almost to madness by the reaction of 1821, the elements of revolution are already in full development.

Sicily, deprived of her parliaments and her privileges, is delivered up to Neapolitan caprice. The Sicilians and Neapolitans hate each other still more than the Austrians and the Lombards. The union of this semi-African island with the kingdom of Naples is one that can never last, and is altogether out of the political order of things. The interests

of Sicily are concentrated within her own sea-girt shores, and, indifferent to every thing beyond them, she demands but her parliament and those ancient rights of which she has been so unjustly deprived.

Such "*en resumé*" is the present political and statistical state of Italy. We regret that our space limits us to but a rapid sketch of so vast and important a subject; but imperfect as it may be found, we flatter ourselves that it may afford some interest; for at a moment when the chances of war are considered so eminent, it may be useful to draw the attention of the reader to those countries likely to become the theatre of its operations. Under this category do we rank Italy; for, in our opinion, the first *coup de cannon* on the European continent, would be the trumpet of Italian resurrection.

From what we have advanced in the course of this paper, it will be seen that two principles are in operation in Italy—a French and an Austrian; upon this point there is a general unity of hopes and fears among the Neapolitans as among the Lombards. Hatred to Austria is the common bond of union, and may serve as a rallying point, a central focus of operation and attack.

The decisive moment for Italy appears to be approaching: the electric lights that have broken along the political chain of Europe have let drop their sparks on the fertile plains of the Milanese, on the lofty summits of the Appenines, amid the ruins of Rome, and the Orange groves of Naples. After an interval of twenty years, the tri-coloured flag again waves on her soil. But let not Italy wait till liberty is brought to her by the foreigner—let her not, to use the glowing language of her own Filicaja—purchase freedom so dearly, and,

> "Ne le vedrei del tuo ferro cinta
> Pugnar col braccio di Straneire genti
> Per servir sempre o Venecitrice o venta."

Let it be the fruit of her own classic soil, ripened by her glowing sun. Let the Italians familiarize themselves with the idea of encountering Austria alone, without relying on foreign assistance, and without being cast down by the fate of heroic Poland; let them rise *en masse*, like men, and make one glorious struggle to recover their former independence. But let them prepare for the mighty effort with a firm resolution of not laying down their arms till the great work of regeneration is achieved; for the experience of every age and country teaches us that an unsuccessful effort, on the part of a nation to reconquer their independence, only rivets more firmly the bonds of their servitude.

*

PETER SIMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

If I cannot narrate a life of adventurous and daring exploits, fortunately I have no heavy crimes to confess, and if I do not rise in the estimation of the reader for acts of gallantry and devotion in my country's cause, at least I may claim the merit of humble and unobtrusive continuance in my vocation. We are all of us variously gifted from above, and he who is content to walk, instead of running, his allotted path through life, although he may not so rapidly attain the goal, has the advantage of not being out of breath upon his arrival. Not that I mean to infer that my life has not been one of adventure. I only mean to say, that in all which has occurred, I have been a passive, rather than an active, personage; and if events of interest are to be recorded, they certainly have not been sought by me.

As well as I can recollect and analyze my early propensities, I think that, had I been permitted to select my own profession, I should in all probability have bound myself apprentice to a tailor; for I always envied the comfortable seat which they appeared to enjoy upon the shopboard, and their elevated position, which enabled them to look down upon the constant succession of the idle or the busy, who passed in review before them in the main-street of the country town, near to which I passed the first fourteen years of my existence.

But my father, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the youngest brother of a noble family, had a lucrative living, and a "soul above buttons," if his son had not. It has been from time immemorial the heathenish custom to sacrifice the greatest fool of the family to the prosperity and naval superiority of the country, and at the age of fourteen I was selected as the victim. If the custom be judicious, I had no reason to complain. There was not one dissentient voice, when I was proposed before all the varieties of my aunts and cousins, invited to partake of our new year's festival. I was selected by general acclamation. Flattered by such an unanimous acknowledgment of my qualification, and a stroke of my father's hand down my head which accompanied it, I felt as proud, and alas! as unconscious, as the calf with gilded horns, who plays and mumbles with the flowers of the garland which designates his fate to every one but himself. I even felt, or thought I felt, a slight degree of military ardour, and a sort of vision of future grandeur passed before me, in the distant vista of which I perceived a coach with four horses and a service of plate. It was, however, driven away before I could decipher it, by positive bodily pain, occasioned by my elder brother Tom, who having been directed by my father to snuff the candles, took the opportunity of my abstraction to insert a piece of the still ignited snuff into my left ear. But as my story is not a very short one, I must not dwell too long at its commencement. I shall therefore inform the reader, that my father, who lived in the north of England, did not think it right to fit me out at our country-town, near to which we resided; but about a fortnight after the decision which I have referred to, he forwarded me to London on the outside of the coach, with my best suit of bottle-green and six shirts. To prevent mistakes I was booked in the way-bill "to be delivered to Mr. Thomas Handycock, No. 14, St. Cle-

ment's-lane—carriage paid." My parting with the family was very affecting; my mother cried bitterly, for, like all mothers, she liked the greatest fool which she had presented to my father, better than all the rest; my sisters cried because my mother cried; Tom roared for a short time louder than all the rest, having been chastised by my father for breaking his fourth window in that week;—during all which, my father walked up and down the room with impatience, because he was kept from his dinner, and like all orthodox divines, he was tenacious of the only sensual enjoyment permitted to his cloth.

At last I tore myself away. I had blubbered till my eyes were so red and swollen, that the pupils were scarcely to be distinguished, and tears and dirt had veined my cheeks like the marble of the chimney-piece. My handkerchief was soaked through with wiping my eyes and blowing my nose, before the scene was over. My brother Tom, with a kindness which did honour to his heart, exchanged his for mine, saying with fraternal regard, "Here, Peter, take mine, it's as dry as a bone." But my father would not wait for a second handkerchief to perform its duty. He led me away through the hall, when having shaken hands with all the men and kissed all the maids who stood in a row with their aprons to their eyes, I quitted my paternal roof.

The coachman accompanied me to the place from whence the coach was to start. Having seen me securely wedged between two fat old women, and having put my parcel inside, he took his leave, and in a few minutes I was on my road to London.

I was too much depressed to take notice of any thing during my journey. When we arrived in London, they drove to the Blue Boar, (in a street the name of which I forget.) I had never seen or heard of such an animal, and certainly it did appear very formidable; its mouth was open and teeth very large. What surprised me still more was to observe that its teeth and hoofs were of pure gold. Who knows, thought I, that in some of the strange countries which I am doomed to visit, I may fall in with and shoot one of these terrific monsters? with what haste shall I select those precious parts, and with what joy should I, on my return, pour them as an offering of filial affection into my mother's lap!—and then, as I thought of my mother, the tears again gushed into my eyes.

The coachman threw his whip to the ostler and the reins upon the horses' backs; he then dismounted, and calling to me, "Now, young gentleman, I'se a-waiting," he put a ladder up for me to get down by; then turning to a porter, he said to him, "Bill, you must take this here young gem'man and that ere parcel to this here direction. Please to remember the coachman, Sir." I replied that I certainly would, if he wished it, and walked off with the porter; the coachman observing, as I went away, "Well, he is a fool—that's sartain." I arrived quite safe at St. Clement's-lane, when the porter received a shilling for his trouble from the maid who let me in, and I was shewn up into a parlour, where I found myself in company with Mrs. Handycock.

Mrs. Handycock was a little meagre woman, who did not speak very good English, and who appeared to me to employ the major part of her time in bawling out from the top of the stairs to the servants below. I never saw her either read a book or occupy herself with needle-work, during the whole time I was in the house. She had a large grey parrot,

and I really cannot tell which screamed the worse of the two—but she was very civil and kind to me, and asked me ten times a-day when I had last heard of my grandfather, Lord Privilege. I observed that she always did so if any company happened to call in during my stay at her house. Before I had been there ten minutes, she told me that she "hadored sailors—they were the defendiours and preserviours of their kings and countries," and that "Mr. Handycock would be home by four o'clock, and then we should go to dinner." Then she jumped off her chair to bawl to the cook from the head of the stairs—"Jemima, Jemima!—ve 'll ha'e the viting biled instead of fried." "Ca'n't, marm," replied Jemima, "they be all hegged and crumbed, with their tails in their mouths." "Vell, then, never mind Jemima," replied the lady. "Don't put your finger into the parrot's cage, my love—he's hapt to be cross with strangers. Mr. Handycock will be home at four o'clock, and then we shall have our dinner. Are you fond of viting?"

As I was very anxious to see Mr. Handycock, and very anxious to have my dinner, I was not sorry to hear the clock on the stairs strike four; when Mrs. Handycock again jumped up, and put her head over the bannisters, "Jemima, Jemima, it's four o'clock!" "I hear it marm," replied the cook; and she gave the frying-pan a twist, which made the hissing and the smell come flying up into the parlour, and made me more hungry than ever.

Rap, tap, tap! "There's your master, Jemima," screamed the lady. "I hear him, marm," replied the cook. "Run down, my dear, and let Mr. Handycock in," said his wife. "He'll be so surprised at seeing you open the door."

I ran down as Mrs. Handycock desired me, and opened the street-door. "Who the devil are you?" cried Mr. Handycock, in a gruff voice; a man about six feet high, dressed in blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a black coat and waistcoat. I was a little rebuffed, I must own, but I replied that I was Mr. Simple. "And pray, Mr. Simple, what would your grandfather say, if he saw you now? I have servants in plenty to open my door, and the parlour is the proper place for young gentlemen."

"Law, Mr. Handycock," said his wife, from the top of the stairs, "how can you be so cross? I told him to open the door to surprise you." "And you have surprised me," replied he, "with your cursed folly."

While Mr. Handycock was rubbing his boots on the mat, I went up stairs again, rather mortified, I must own, as my father had told me that Mr. Handycock was his stock-broker, and would do all he could to make me comfortable; indeed, he had written to that effect in a letter, which my father showed to me before I left home. When I returned to the parlour, Mrs. Handycock whispered to me, "Never mind, my dear, it's only because there's something wrong on 'Change. Mr. Handycock is a *bear* just now." I thought so too, but I made no answer, for Mr. Handycock came up stairs, and walking with two strides from the door of the parlour to the fire-place, turned his back to it, and lifting up his coat-tails, began to whistle.

"Are you ready for your dinner, my dear?" said the lady, almost trembling.

"If the dinner is ready for me. I believe we usually dine at four," answered her husband gruffly.

"Jemima, Jemima, dish up! do you hear, Jemima?" "Yes, marm," replied the cook, "directly I've thickened the butter;" and Mrs. Handycock resumed her seat with, "Well, Mr. Simple, and how is your grandfather, Lord Privilege?" "He is quite well, ma'am," answered I, for the fifteenth time at least. But dinner put an end to the silence which followed this remark. Mr. Handycock lowered his coat tails and walked down stairs, leaving his wife and me to follow at our leisure.

"Pray, ma'am," inquired I, as soon as he was out of hearing, "what is the matter with Mr. Handycock, that he is so cross to you?"

"Vy, my dear, it is one of the misfortunes of matermony, that ven the husband's put out, the vife is sure to have her share of it. Mr. Handycock must have lost money on 'Change, and then he always comes home cross. Ven he vins, then he is as merry as a cricket."

"Are you people coming down to dinner?" roared Mr. Handycock from below. "Yes, my dear," replied the lady, "I thought that you were washing your hands." We descended into the dining-room, where we found that Mr. Handycock had already devoured two of the whitings, leaving only one on the dish for his wife and me. "Vould you like a little bit of viting, my dear?" said the lady to me. "It's not worth halving," observed the gentleman, in a surly tone, taking the fish up with his own knife and fork, and putting it on his plate.

"Well, I'm so glad you like them, my dear," replied the lady meekly; then turning to me, "there's some nice roast *weal* coming, my dear."

The veal made its appearance, and fortunately for us, Mr. Handycock could not devour it all. He took the lion's share, nevertheless, cutting off all the brown, and then shoving the dish over to his wife to help herself and me. I had not put two pieces in my mouth before Mr. Handycock desired me to get up and hand him the porter-pot, which stood on the sideboard. I thought that if it was not right for me to open a door, neither was it for me to wait at table--but I obeyed him without making a remark.

After dinner, Mr. Handycock went down to the cellar for a bottle of wine. "O deary me," exclaimed his wife, "he must have lost a mint of money—we had better go up stairs and leave him alone; he'll be better after a bottle of port, perhaps." I was very glad to go away, and being very tired, I went to bed without any tea, for Mrs. Handycock dared not venture to make it before her husband came up stairs.

The next morning Mr. Handycock appeared to be in somewhat better humour. One of the linendrapers, who fit out cadets, &c. "on the shortest notice," was sent for, and orders given for my equipment, which Mr. Handycock insisted should be ready on the day afterwards, or the articles would be left on his hands; adding that my place was already taken in the Portsmouth coach.

"Really, sir," observed the man, "I'm afraid—on such very short notice——"

"Your card says 'the shortest notice,'" rejoined Mr. Handycock, with the confidence and authority of a man who is enabled to correct another by his own assertions. "If you do not choose to undertake the work, another will."

This silenced the man, who made his promise, took my measure and departed, and soon afterwards Mr. Handycock also quitted the house.

What with my grandfather and the parrot, and Mrs. Handycock wondering how much money her husband had lost, running to the head of the stairs and talking to the cook, the day passed away pretty well till four o'clock; when, as before, Mrs. Handycock screamed, the cook screamed, the parrot screamed, and Mr. Handycock rapped at the door, and was let in—but not by me. He ascended the stairs with three bounds, and coming into the parlour, cried, "Well, Nancy, my love, how are you?" Then stooping over her, "Give me a kiss, old girl. I'm as hungry as a hunter. Mr. Simple, how do you do? I hope you have passed the morning agreeably. I must wash my hands and change my boots, my love; I am not fit to sit down to table with you in this pickle. Well, Polly, how are you?"

"I'm glad you're hungry, my dear, I've such a nice dinner for you," replied the wife, all smiles. "Jemima, be quick and dish up—Mr. Handycock is so hungry."

"Yes, marm," replied the cook; and Mrs. Handycock followed her husband into his bed-room on the same floor, to assist him at his toilet.

"By Jove, Nancy, the *bulls* have been nicely taken in," said Mr. Handycock, as we sat down to dinner.

"O I am so glad!" replied his wife, giggling; and so I believe she was, but why I did not understand.

"Mr. Simple," said he, "will you allow me to offer you a little fish?"

"If you do not want it all yourself, sir," replied I politely.

Mrs. Handycock frowned and shook her head at me, while her husband helped me. "My dove, a bit of fish?"

We both had our share to-day, and I never saw a man more polite than Mr. Handycock. He joked with his wife, asked me to drink wine with him two or three times, talked about my grandfather; and, in short, we had a very pleasant evening.

The next morning all my clothes came home, but Mr. Handycock, who still continued in good humour, said that he would not allow me to travel by night, that I should sleep there and set off the next morning, which I did at six o'clock, and before eight I had arrived at the Elephant and Castle, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour. I was looking at the painting representing this animal with a castle on its back; and assuming that of Alnwick, which I had seen, as a fair estimate of the size and weight of that which he carried, was attempting to enlarge my ideas so as to comprehend the stupendous bulk of the elephant, when I observed a crowd assembled at the corner, and asking a gentleman who sat by me in a plaid cloak, whether there was not something very uncommon to attract so many people; he replied, "Not very, for it was only a drunken sailor."

I rose from my seat, which was on the hinder part of the coach, that I might see him, for it was a new sight to me, and excited my curiosity; when to my astonishment he staggered from the crowd, and swore that he'd go to Portsmouth. He climbed up by the wheel of the coach, and sat down by me. I believe that I stared at him very much, for he said

to me, "What are you gaping at, you young sculping? Do you want to catch flies? or did you never see a chap half seas over before?"

I replied, "that I had never been at sea in my life, but that I was going."

"Well, then, you're like a young bear, all your sorrows to come—that's all, my hearty," replied he. "When you get on board, you'll find monkey's allowance—more kicks than half-pence. I say, you pewter carrier, bring us another pint of ale."

The waiter of the inn, who was attending the coach, brought out the ale, half of which the sailor drank, and the other half threw into the waiter's face, telling him that was his "allowance; and now," said he, "what's to pay?" The waiter, who looked very angry, but appeared too much afraid of the sailor to say any thing, answered fourpence; and the sailor pulled out a handful of bank notes, mixed up with gold, silver, and coppers, and was picking out the money to pay for his beer, when the coachman, who was impatient, drove off.

"There's cut and run," cried the sailor, thrusting all the money back into his breeches pocket. "That's what you'll larn to do, my joker, before you have been two cruizes to sea."

In the meantime, the gentleman in the plaid cloak, who was seated by me, smoked his cigar without saying a word. I commenced a conversation with him relative to my profession, and asked him whether it was not very difficult to learn. "Larn," cried the sailor, interrupting us, "no; it may be difficult for such chaps as me before the mast to larn, but you, I presume, is a reefer, and they an't got much to larn, 'cause why, they pipeclays their weekly accounts, and walks up and down with their hands in their pockets. You must larn to chaw baccy, drink grog, and call the cat a beggar, and then you knows all a midshipman's expected to know now-a-days. Ar'n't I right, sir?" said the sailor, appealing to the gentleman in a plaid cloak. "I axes you, because I see you're a sailor by the cut of your jib. Beg pardon, sir," continued he, touching his hat, "hope no offence."

"I am afraid that you have nearly hit the mark, my good fellow,' replied the gentleman.

The drunken fellow then entered into conversation with him, stating that he had been paid off from the Audacious at Portsmouth, and had come up to London to spend his money with his messmates; but that yesterday he had discovered that a Jew at Portsmouth had sold him a seal as a gold seal, for fifteen shillings, which proved to be copper, and that he was going back to Portsmouth to give the Jew a couple of black eyes for his rascality, and that when he had done that, he was to return to his messmates, who had promised to drink success to the expedition at the Cock and Bottle, St. Martin's Lane, until he should return.

The gentleman in the plaid cloak commended him very much for his resolution; for he said that although the journey to and from Portsmouth would cost twice the value of a gold seal, yet that in the end it might be worth a *Jew's eye*. What he meant I did not comprehend.

Whenever the coach stopped, the sailor called for more ale, and always threw the remainder which he could not drink into the face of the man who brought it out for him, just as the coach was starting off, and then tossing the pewter pot on the ground for him to pick up. He became more tipsy every stage, and the last from Portsmouth,

when he pulled out his money, he could find no silver, so he handed down a note, and desired the waiter to change it. The waiter crumpled it up and put it in his pocket, and then returned the sailor the change for a one pound note; but the gentleman in the plaid had observed that it was a five pound note which the sailor had given, and insisted upon the waiter producing it and giving the proper change. The sailor took his money, which the waiter handed to him, begging pardon for the mistake, although he coloured up very much at being detected. "I really beg your pardon," said he again, "it was quite a mistake;" whereupon the sailor threw the pewter pot at the waiter, saying, "I really beg your pardon, too,"—and with such force, that it flattened upon the man's head, who fell senseless on the road. The coachman drove off, and I never heard whether the man was killed or not.

After the coach had driven off, the sailor eyed the gentleman in the plaid cloak for a minute or two, and then said, "When I first looked at you I took you for some officer in mufti; but now, that I see that you look so sharp after the rhino, it's my idea that you're some poor devil of a Scotchman, mayhap second mate of a marchant vessel—there's half-a-crown for your sarvices—I'd give you more, if I thought you would spend it."

The gentleman laughed, and took the half-crown, which I afterwards observed that he gave to a grey-headed beggar at the bottom of Portdown Hill. I inquired of him how soon we should be at Portsmouth; he answered that we were passing the lines; but I saw no lines, and I was ashamed to show my ignorance. He asked me what ship I was going to join. I could not recollect her name, but I told him it was painted on the outside of my chest, which was coming down by the waggon; all that I could recollect was that it was a French name.

"Have you no letter of introduction to the captain?" said he.

"Yes, I have," replied I; and I pulled out my pocket-book in which the letter was. "Captain Savage, H. M. ship Diomede," continued I, reading to him.

To my surprise he very coolly proceeded to open the letter, which, when I perceived what he was doing, occasioned me immediately to snatch the letter from him, stating my opinion at the same time that it was a breach of honour, and that in my opinion he was no gentleman.

"Just as you please, youngster," replied he. "Recollect, you have told me I am no gentleman."

He wrapped his plaid around him, and said no more; and I was not a little pleased at having silenced him by my resolute behaviour.

When we stopped, I inquired of the coachman which was the best inn. He answered, "that it was the Blue Postesses, where the midshipmen leave their chestesses, call for tea and toastesses, and sometimes forget to pay for their breakfastesses." He laughed when he said it, and I thought that he was joking with me; but he pointed out two large blue posts at the door next the coach-office, and told me that all the midshipmen resorted to that hotel. He then asked me to remember the coachman, which by this time I had found out implied that I was not to forget to give him a shilling, which I did, and then went into the inn. The coffee-room was full of midshipmen, and as I was anxious about my chest, I inquired of one of them if he knew when the waggon would come in.

"Do you expect your mother by it?" replied he.

"O no! but I expect my uniforms—I only wear these bottle-greens until they come."

"And pray what ship are you going to join?"

"The Die-a-maid—Captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage"

"The Diomede—I say, Robinson, a'n't that the frigate in which the midshipmen had four dozen a piece for not having pipe-clayed their weekly accounts on the Saturday."

"To be sure it is," replied the other; "why, the captain gave a youngster five dozen the other day for wearing a scarlet watch-ribbon."

"He's the greatest Tartar in the service," continued the other; "he flogged the whole starboard watch the last time that he was on a cruize, because the ship would only sail nine knots upon a bowling."

"O dear!" said I, "then I'm very sorry that I'm going to join him."

"'Pon my soul I pity you: you'll be fagged to death; for there's only three midshipmen in the ship now—all the rest ran away. Didn't they, Robinson?"

"There's only two left now—for poor Matthews died of fatigue. He was worked all day, and kept watch all night for six weeks, and one morning he was found dead upon his chest."

"God bless my soul!" cried I, "and yet on shore they say he is such a kind man to his midshipmen."

"Yes," replied Robinson, "he spreads that report every where. Now, observe, when you first call upon him, and report your having come to join his ship, he'll tell you that he is very happy to see you, and that he hopes your family are well—then he'll recommend you to go on board and learn your duty. After that, stand clear. Now recollect what I have said, and see if it does not prove true. Come, sit down with us and take a glass of grog, it will keep your spirits up."

These midshipmen told me so much about my captain, and the horrid cruelties which he had practised, that I had some doubts whether I had not better set off home again. When I asked their opinion, they said that if I did I should be taken up as a deserter and hanged; that my best plan was to beg his acceptance of a few gallons of rum, for he was very fond of grog, and that then I might perhaps be in his good graces, as long as the rum might last.

I am sorry to state that the midshipmen made me very tipsy that evening. I don't recollect being put to bed, but I found myself there the next morning with a dreadful head-ache, and a very confused recollection of what had passed. I was very much shocked at my having so soon forgotten the injunctions of my parents, and was making vows never to be so foolish again, when in came the midshipman who had been so kind to me the night before. "Come, Mr. Bottlegreen," he bawled out, alluding I suppose to the colour of my clothes, "rouse and bitt. There's the captain's coxswain waiting for you below. By the powers, you're in a pretty scrape for what you did last night!"

"Did last night!" replied I, astonished. "Why, does the captain know that I was tipsy?"

"I think you took devilish good care to let him know it when you were at the theatre."

"At the theatre! Was I at the theatre?"

"To be sure you were. You would go, do all we could to prevent you, though you were as drunk as David's sow. Your captain was there with the admiral's daughters. You called him a tyrant, and snapped your fingers at him. Why, don't you recollect? You told him that you did not care a fig for him."

"O dear! O dear! what shall I do? what shall I do?" cried I. "My mother cautioned me so about drinking and bad company."

"Bad company, you whelp—what do you mean by that?"

"O I did not particularly refer to you."

"I should hope not! However, I recommend you as a friend, to go to the George Inn as fast as you can, and see your captain, for the longer you stay away, the worse it will be for you. At all events, it will be decided whether he receives you or not. It is fortunate for you that you are not on the ship's books." Come be quick, the coxswain is gone back. "Not on the ship's books," replied I sorrowfully. Now I recollect there was a letter from the captain to my father, stating that he had put me on the books.

"Upon my honour, I'm sorry—very sorry indeed," replied the midshipman—and he quitted the room, looking as grave as if the misfortune had happened to himself. I got up with a heavy head, and heavier heart, and as soon as I was dressed, I asked the way to the George Inn. I took my letter of introduction with me, although I was afraid it would be of little service. When I arrived I asked, with a trembling voice, whether Captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage of H. M. ship Diomede, was staying there. The waiter replied, that he was at breakfast with Captain Courtney, but that he would take up my name. I gave it to him, and in a minute the waiter returned and desired that I would walk up. O how my heart beat—I never was so frightened—I thought I should have dropped on the stairs. Twice I attempted to walk into the room, and each time my legs failed me: at last I wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and with a desperate effort I went into the room.

"Mr. Simple, I am glad to see you," said a voice. I had held my head down, for I was afraid to look at him, but the voice was so kind, that I mustered up courage; and when I did look up, there sat with his uniform and epaulets, and his sword by his side, the passenger in the plaid cloak, who wanted to open my letter, and who I had told to his face that he was *no gentleman.*

I thought I should have died as the other midshipman did upon his chest. I was just sinking down on my knees to beg for mercy, when the captain perceiving my confusion, burst out into a laugh, and said, "So you know me again, Mr. Simple? Well, don't be alarmed, you did your duty in not permitting me to open the letter, supposing me, as you did, to be some other person, and you were perfectly right under that supposition, to tell me that I was not a gentleman. I give you credit for your conduct. Now sit down and take some breakfast."

"Captain Courtney," said he to the other captain, who was at the table, "this is one of my youngsters just entering the service. We were passengers yesterday by the same coach." He then told him the circumstance which occurred, at which they laughed heartily.

I now recovered my spirits a little—but still there was the affair at the theatre, and I thought that perhaps he did not recognize me. I was,

however, soon relieved from my anxiety by the other captain inquiring, "Were you at the theatre last night, Savage!"

"No; I dined at the admiral's? there's no getting away from those girls, they are so pleasant."

"I rather think you are a little —— *taken* in that quarter."

"No, on my word! I might be if I had time to discover which I liked best; but my ship is at present my wife, and the only wife I intend to have until I am laid on the shelf."

Well, thought I, if he was not at the theatre, it could not have been him that I insulted. Now if I can only give him the rum, and make friends with him.

"Pray, Mr. Simple, how are your father and mother?" said the captain.

"Very well, I thank you, sir, and desire me to present their compliments."

"I am obliged to them. Now I think the sooner you go on board and learn your duty the better." (Just what the midshipman told me—the very words, thought I—then it's all true—and I began to tremble again.)

"I have a little advice to offer you," continued the captain. "In the first place, obey your superior officers without hesitation; it is for me, not you, to decide whether an order is unjust or not. In the next place, never swear or drink spirits. The first is immoral and ungentlemanlike, the second is a vile habit which will grow upon you. I never touch spirits myself, and I expect that my young gentlemen will refrain from it also. Now you may go, and as soon as your uniforms arrive, you will repair on board. In the mean time, as I had some little insight into your character when we travelled together, let me recommend you not to be too intimate at first sight with those you meet, or you may be led into indiscretions. Good morning."

I quitted the room with a low bow, glad to have surmounted so easily what appeared to be a chaos of difficulty; but my mind was confused with the testimony of the midshipman, so much at variance with the language and behaviour of the captain. When I arrived at the Blue Posts, I found all the midshipmen in the coffee-room, and I repeated to them all that had passed. When I had finished, they burst out laughing, and said that they had only been joking with me. "Well," said I to the one who had called me up in the morning, "you may call it joking, but I call it lying."

"Pray, Mr. Bottlegreen, do you refer to me?"

"Yes, I do," replied I.

"Then, sir, as a gentleman, I demand satisfaction. Slugs in a saw-pit. Death before dishonour, d——e."

"I shall not refuse you," replied I, "although I had rather not fight a duel; my father cautioned me on the subject, desiring me, if possible, to avoid it, as it was flying in the face of my Creator; but aware that I must uphold my character as an officer, he left me to my own discretion, should I ever be so unfortunate as to be in such a dilemma."

"Well, we don't want one of your father's sermons at second hand," replied the midshipman, (for I had told them that my father was a clergyman,) the plain question is, will you fight or will you not?"

"Could not the affair be arranged otherwise?" interrupted another. "Will not Mr. Bottlegreen retract?"

"My name is Simple, sir, and not Bottlegreen," replied I; "and as he did tell a falsehood, I will not retract."

"Then the affair must go on," said the midshipman. "Robinson, you will oblige me by acting as my second."

"It's an unpleasant business," replied the other, "you are so good a shot; but as you request it, I shall not refuse. Mr. Simple is not, I believe, provided with a friend."

"Yes, he is," replied another of the midshipmen. "He is a spunky fellow, and I'll be his second."

It was then arranged that we should meet the next morning with pistols. I considered that as an officer and a gentleman, I could not well refuse, but I was very unhappy. Not three days left to my own guidance, and I had become intoxicated, and was now to fight a duel. I went up into my room and wrote a long letter to my mother, inclosing a lock of my hair; and having shed a few tears at the idea, of how sorry she would be if I were killed, I borrowed a bible of the waiter, and read it during the remainder of the day.

(To be continued.)

MEETING AGAIN.

Yes, we shall meet again, my cherished friend,
Not in the beautiful autumnal bowers,
Where we have seen the waving corn-fields bend,
And twined bright garlands of the harvest flowers,
And watched the gleaners with their golden store—
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the well-remembered hall of mirth,
Where at the evening hour each heart rejoices,
And friends and kindred crowd the social hearth,
And the glad breathings of young happy voices,
Strains of sweet melody in concert pour—
There we shall meet no more.

Not in the haunts of busy strife, which bind
Thy soaring spirit to base Mammon's toil,
Where the revealings of thy gifted mind
Exhaust their glories on a barren soil,
With few to praise, to wonder, or deplore—
There we shall meet no more.

Yet mourn not thus—in realms of changeless gladness,
Where friendship's ties are never crushed and broken,
We still may meet—Heaven, who beholds our sadness,
Hath to the trusting heart assurance spoken
Of that blest land, where, free from care and pain,
Fond friends unite again.

M. A.

A PEEP AT THE LITTLE WORLD FROM THE GREAT.

WHILST the many direct their attention to the great world around them, and are wholly unconscious of what is passing in the little world at this season of the year, the observations of a curious few may not be altogether uninteresting to those who feel little or no interest in the fate of the reform bill, the progress of the cholera, the result of the Belgic treaty, or whether Lord Grey and the Whigs will be forced to resign office, or continue in power.

Happily, in the present age of invention, we possess the means of viewing the miniature creation, as easily as the colossal world; and who will deny that the affairs of the one are not to the full as interesting as those of the other, and in the end perhaps far more satisfactory?

Nature has furnished us with two microscopes of no small capacity of vision, by which we are enabled to scan the dimensions of a whale and the mite of a cheese, with equal facility, and at pleasure to alter the virtual focus, as in a moment to take in objects far distant or in close contact. Still, however, the largest portion of the animated creation is concealed from the sight of man, unless his limited vision is improved by the use of a good microscope. Then he can bring into view a new world, not less astonishing than that which once burst upon the great Columbus of old, and his enchanted crew—a world containing a larger population, and a greater variety of forms than the new world across the Atlantic, as well as species as peculiar and grotesque as are found in Australia itself.

The inhabitants of this miniature world are abundantly renewed in the spring season. As soon as the bleak March winds have yielded to April's sun and genial showers, germination commences, and myriads, to each of which a grain of sand is as an elephant to a flea in proportion perhaps, are brought into a state of active life, in obedience to their Creator's fiat. Now is the time to watch them, and to observe their natures and habits. We have it in our power to produce them ourselves, by watery infusions of vegetable matter, and some portions of animal bodies; and to magnify them four, six, eight, ten, or twelve, or more thousand times, if we employ a good microscope, such as that which the Italian professor, Amici, exhibited in this country, and Mr. Lister of the city himself invented. But look not through the microscope as a toy to play with; limit not your observations to the sports of the beings in activity under your eye, as does "the eye of childhood;" but let higher objects be contemplated, so as to render the pursuit worthy of a rational being's attention; and with this view, the microscope has been of late years removed from the nursery to the study. A single drop of water from a ditch, gutter, or pond, will contain as many beings, perhaps, as the planet which we inhabit; and the inside of a moderate fish has been computed to contain more ova than six times the human population of the earth, which is estimated at upwards of eight hundred millions! When we view the drop of water, and its inhabitants swimming about it, we may conceive that to their perceptions the drop is as an ocean; and that the whale in passing from pole to pole, goes no farther in imagination, than the little infusory being when it darts across

the liquid bead. The whole race of these animalcules is termed infusory, on account of their being produced by soaking animal or vegetable matter in distilled or rain water, during warm weather; a few days often being sufficient to call the ova into life, and to mature the ephemeral production.

Now, chemical analysis has long confirmed the views derived from the best glasses, and the infusoriæ are found to be constructed upon the same principle as other animals, reproducing in their own likeness; and thus each species continues its characteristics periodically, and enjoys certain instincts and perceptions in common with the rest of the animal creation. Yet so prone to think wrongly is the human mind, that certain philosophers, of an age and a country which gave birth to the most extravagant materialism, viewed those animalculæ as examples of their cherished doctrines, and they were pronounced to constitute exceptions to the presumed universal axiom of Harvey—"*omnia ab ovo.*" They were accordingly referred to the principle of equivocal generation to explain their origin, as if they sprung into life by the casual combination of circumstances, and the union of certain material properties.

Thus was the Creator, from whom alone is derived the breath of life, robbed of the greatest attribute we ascribe to him; and animated beings enjoying spontaneous motion, and guided by animal instincts, were referred to senseless matter for their formation and birth, as the mud of the Nile was anciently supposed to produce living beings under the influence of the sun's rays.

A better philosophy, one founded upon facts, contradicts this specious and degrading theory, restores the motto of our illustrious countryman, and teaches that every animal, however minute, is first formed in an egg, and derives its origin directly from parents, who transmit their likeness to their offspring, until the individual species becomes extinct upon the surface of the earth, and may be known to us only by those monuments of past ages, which, in connexion with the organic remains, afford us the best clue whereby to unravel the physical history of our globe.

We now no longer doubt whether fermentive or putrefactive matter, warmed by the sun's rays, gives birth to living creatures. We know that it is not merely inconsistent with the scheme of nature that it should do so, but that it is a false notion in philosophy. Whether a vegetable or an animal being be the object of our contemplation, each alike is traceable to parents, sometimes divided into separate sexes and persons, and sometimes united in one person, as in the zoophytes; and we also know that every new being arises from an egg. Where either living or dead organised matter swarms with colonies of animals, such matter does not produce them spontaneously, but beings resembling them have there deposited their eggs, which germinate in the warmth of the sun's rays.

How, it may be asked, have we acquired this fact? Simply by the use of more perfect microscopes than were formerly invented, when Hewson and Lewenhoeh published their dreams to the world, and assisted in the spread of false doctrines. The philosophy of the present age is enriched with better conclusions; the audacious theory of Lamark is subverted; and instead of his material hypothesis, we are enabled "to render unto God that which is God's," by restoring what are considered as the lowest links of the animal chain to their proper

place in the great scheme of nature. The ultimate particles of all organized matter were recently assumed by certain philosophers in France, to be uniformly of the same figure—globular. The particles of the blood, and of the chyle, and of milk, were thus identified with those of the solid textures; and hence a theory arose, which associated the simplest infusory being—the *monas*, infinitely less than a grain of sand, with the particles of the blood, &c. Here then was supposed to be the clue to the basis of organization. And, assuming the material nature of the monas, the whole system of creation was reduced to the operation of physical laws; and thus life might be referred to inanimate matter for its origin, and the vital phenomena considered merely as modifications and results of physical changes.

The monades were said to be furnished with no organs; and from their universality, their capability of remaining motionless and dry for years, and then coming to life upon the application of warmth and moisture, their microscopical resemblance to the ultimate particles of the blood and solids, all combined to render it probable that the source of organization was discovered; but, unfortunately for so beautiful and generalizing a theory, it has been since discovered not only that the simplest infusory beings are completely organized, and are produced from a parent, and formed in an egg, but also that the particles of the blood are not globular, but rather flattened like trenchers, or of the shape of Yorkshire cakes. The ultimate particles vary also in size as well as shape.

The organization of infusoriæ was discovered partly by the help of remarkably powerful glasses, and partly by adding a minute portion of solution of indigo to the infusion of vegetable matter. The beings of the simplest structure were thus observed to swallow particles of the indigo, which all tended to congregate about an aperture or mouth in the animal, and were seen to pass inwards; and thus in some instances to demonstrate the existence also of one stomach, and in others of a plurality of stomachs. Eggs, also, have been demonstrated, and the hatching of the young observed where equivocal generation was supposed to exist. A nervous system, and blood vessels, likewise, appear to be added, somewhat on the scale of that observed in the earth worm.

The extent to which the minute beings go, such as are to be seen only by means of a good microscope, is perfectly astonishing. A single fly that feeds on dead flesh, has been found to contain about it twenty thousand larvæ, some of which are hatched, and arrive at maturity in five days. One species of fly has been known to commit more havoc than an elephant, from its fecundity. Some plants contain the ova of the little insect called the *aphis;* and so prolific is this species, that a single individual may, it is calculated, produce descendants in five generations, amounting to 5,904,900,000! whilst in one year it can produce twenty generations! Three vomitoriæ flies, says Linnæus, will cause a horse to be devoured as quickly as a lion could effect it himself. In this manner vegetables and animals teem with life, and support myriads of beings, ova, and larvæ; and the ponds and ditches swarm with them. And minute and simple as they sometimes are in their structure, observation and analogy show that they possess organs of respiration, digestion, and for the circulation of the blood and chyle, for locomotion, defence, and reproduction. Nor is the vegetable world less curiously

constructed, as all these organs are universally found in every individual properly examined.

Our knowledge of the infusory beings is very limited; but there is every reason to believe they do not take their station among the links of the animal chain according to their dimensions, but from their structure. The smallest and simplest is as much an animal as the prouder examples of nature's works, and it is equally the object of the Creator's care and contrivance. The study of the habits of the infusoriæ is therefore worthy of man, and may be ranked as a higher one than many of the pursuits of the frivolous and the idle, who affect to despise it as fitted only for the nursery. Besides the sources already mentioned, whence animalcules may be obtained, spirits of wine, ether, whiskey, &c., contain them; and so curiously are they constructed in reference to their relations to air and heat, that the elevation of temperature up to the boiling point, has been observed not to be attended with the total destruction of a colony so treated.

Cuvier has classed the infusoriæ at the bottom of his catalogue of known animal species, commencing with the *monas*, a simple globular, being without any apparent organs externally. Next comes the *volvex*, so named from its habit of turning itself perpetually upon its axis. These two species bear a resemblance to the particles of organized matter. The process of reproduction in these is somewhat similar to the budding of a plant. Soon after the short stem or bud appears at the side of the animal, it is observed to be separated, and a new being thus detached is seen dashing through its tiny ocean, and guiding its way with such care and circumspection as evinces a power of instinct and perception.

A being of a more complex form is seen, resembling that of a swan, with a neck capable of great elongation. It is associated with other species, and is observed to stretch forth its long neck, and dart amongst them without coming into contact with its neighbours. But its body is perpetually altering its figure, and hence it has been named the *Proteus*.

In the next species, in the scale of improved organisation, a tail is added to the round or oval body, and in the *vorticella* the structure is still more complicated. Its front is furnished with an apparatus resembling the cogs of a wheel, and hence it is commonly known as the wheel animal. These teeth or cogs have a rapid rotatory motion. The wheels are sometimes semi-circular, and at other times round like the balance wheel of a watch. They are evidently under voluntary control, and hence, as also from their being used at pleasure, we may suppose them to serve the purpose of locomotion and feeding perhaps. Some have deemed them to be respiratory organs, and it has been suggested that they serve to attract prey to the animal's mouth by creating a current in the water tending towards the mouth. Microscopical observers place eyes in its head near the wheels, and it seems indeed to be altogether a creature of no mean organisation. The notion of the wheels serving as organs of respiration seems incorrect, from the circumstance of their not being in constant motion like the gills of fishes. The vorticella is very tenacious of life, and will lie dormant many months in a dry state, like a speck of dust, and on the application of warmth and moisture it will revive. In the dry state it sometimes assumes the form of a maggot, and is

seen under a variety of shapes in the water. It is furnished with a tail, by which it steers itself. When the wheels move they sometimes turn round, and at other times merely vibrate. Some varieties of the vorticella have longer tails, which seem to be articulated. The offspring, before they become separated from the parent, appear like buds near the tail.

Amongst the infusoriæ, below the species which have heads and tails, there are various forms, some globular, some flat, some oval, and others oblong. They are all different species of one class, the zoophytes, among which are the varieties of the polype, absurdly called formerly animal flowers, although distinct animals. Were they not animals they must be plants, as there is no intermediate creation, the two being perfectly distinct.

To produce the different species of infusoriæ, the water should be free from mineral matter, and the weather warm, and the substance macerated, not putrid. A solution of paste produces an eel-like animal of the viviporous kind. In its transparent body are seen many young ones, which being let out by an incision with a fine instrument, swim about like the rest immediately on their escape. A similar animal has been seen in the watery humour of the horse's and mule's eye, and this is not uncommon in India. Vinegar contains a similar species, and also blighted wheat ears dissolved for a few hours in water. When grains of corn have been kept dry for several years, moistening them produces animalcules, but if too much soaked they die. The Proteus appears almost in any solution of animal or vegetable substance after a few days or weeks. It is found in the slimy substance adhering to the sides of the vessel, and associated with other species. The scum also of a few days' maceration of hay will produce animalcules, which become matured in about ten days, of different forms and sizes, some armed with fibrillæ like feet, and some without. These fibrillæ enable the creature to swim or walk; for if a hair be introduced into the drop, they may be seen moving along upon its surface.

Horses' hairs macerated a few days appear to swarm with myriads of parasitic beings, and ova, infinitely minute, and some globular, like the monades, and others oblong, &c.; some species having the fibrillæ or paddles. A single drop of a solution of black pepper is so crowded with animalcules, that to observe their habits it is necessary to dilute the drop with distilled water to set the dense mass free. All kinds of mealy substances, as oatmeal, &c., the green matter of plants, duck weed of ponds, &c., grasses, and leaves, produce abundance of animalcules, when set loose by warmth and maceration in water. The vital principle will remain latent and inactive in these for several years, and then they spring into life with warmth and moisture.

Can it be believed that such beings are less the objects of divine care and contrivance than such as are more obvious to our senses, and that the regard of the Deity is proportioned to the magnitude of the creature, or the perfection of its organisation? Who can reasonably doubt for an instant that the most minute being is produced not by equivocal generation, but by the operation of those laws, which, however varied may be the phenomena, regulate the entire system of reproduction in the animal creation, and maintain an uniformity of design and adaptation of means to ends amidst countless myriads of species?

It appears, then, that both animal and vegetable matters universally bear about them the ova of minute beings, which become fecundated under favourable circumstances, and may be detached by watery infusions, and thus rendered visible by the aid of good magnifying glasses, lying dormant, but retaining the vital principle in a state of inactivity for an almost indefinite period, so long as decomposition is not commenced. The insects and ova of putrid matter are differently produced, for these are the results of animals which feed on putrid flesh, &c. and deposit their eggs in it.

Some notion may be entertained of the immensity of animal procreation amongst the infusoriæ, when it is known that the green matter of vegetation is produced by animalculæ. When brought into the field of a good microscope, the green matter is seen to consist of moving beings of the species *monas*. When dried up they are motionless, and when moistened all is life and activity amongst them. Removed from the light of day they soon lose their green tint, and on exposure to the sun's rays they are reproduced in their spring verdure. Some little tact and care is necessary in order to succeed in demonstrating the green monades. Similar results have been found with veal and other meats dissolved in distilled water, as to the production of moving globular forms. The green monades, causing the prevailing colouring matter of plants, has been considered as a phenomenon identical with the red particles of the blood; but subsequent observations do not confirm this notion, as the latter do not appear to be alive or globular in form; and this, therefore, tends to contradict the theory of an universal animated globule as the basis of organisation. The fact, first noticed by the celebrated French anatomist Bichat, of the hairs appearing animated with myriads of ova and animalcules, has also been supposed to favour the theory of an universal globule as the basis of all organic textures; but these monades are evidently mere parisites swarming on the surface of the hair, and lying dormant when not separated from their attachment by maceration, and existing in their active state in warm weather only.

Whilst the microscope thus affords an amusing source of instruction, and opens to our eyes a miniature world to a greater extent as to numbers than that commonly seen about us, suggesting wonderful reflections upon life and its author, it cannot be said to have afforded such information hitherto upon organic structures, as the sanguine expectations of some physiologists led them to imagine would be obtained. Organisation and the vital principle are still veiled from human eyes, and there appears to be no clue to unravel the mystery through the means of microscopic investigation. The solids, and some of the fluids, such as blood and milk, of animal structures, and vegetable textures, indicate distinct particles in their ultimate construction; that is, the best magnifying glasses, properly adjusted, reduces organised textures to distinct particles, beyond which the eye can detect no other formation. These have been said to exhibit an oscillatory motion, but no identity with the infusory animalcules attached to animal and vegetable matter. Mr. Brown, the celebrated botanist, observed that mineral matter exhibited the same ultimate structure. Particles of granite, glass, copper, &c. mingled with a drop of water, were found to be formed of still smaller particles distinct from each other, and to have a visible oscillation, a movement, though limited, that is not apparently

explicable upon any known principle of motion but that of life, which analogy will not permit us to admit of, as an explanation of the phenomenon.

The subject is full of interest and curiosity; much is still to be learnt before we can reconcile all the facts and contradictions which the microscope gives rise to, so as to form any general theory of the ultimate particles of matter; and at present the fancied identity of the minute structures of organic textures with the smallest known animalcule, is completely baseless and inadmissible, however beautiful and ingenious is the theory which sprung from it. It is however sufficiently curious to know that animals infinitely less than a grain of sand are generated in myriads upon the surface of plants, and some portions of animal bodies, congregating together so closely, as, with their minuteness, to appear to be a portion of the organic texture, whilst, like seeds, they retain life in a state of inactivity until the principle of vitality is roused within them by circumstances favourable to animalcular existence; but, in searching to account for life and organisation, we are left hitherto to wonder and admire, without obtaining the object of our anxious inquiries.

TURPIN TORY.

Turpin Tory was anti-reformer the first
  In the days of the Jacobite race,
Begotten by Laud, if some tales we may trust,
  Of prerogative, cant, and grimace:
For honour and creed making bustle and pother,
Though he cared not a rush for the one or the other.

To ride the high horse, with his will for a law,
  Was the thing of his adoration,
The cash and the polls of the people to claw,
  And turn to his profit the nation—
Make it suckle his brats and provide him his food,
And find office-homes for his mongrel brood.

In the reign of Charles Two, Turpin grew to good size,
  And profligate quite as his master,
But more did he thrive beneath king James' eyes,
  Until that poor monarch's disaster;
Then left him to shift for himself as he might,
And, affecting neutrality, skulk'd out of sight.

When he peep'd from his hole and believed himself safe,
  He crawl'd into daylight once more,
To clutch for his pocket some overlook'd waif;
  Still his Jacobite mantle he wore,
And with air of a tragedy lord in self-will,
He strutted and talked of "prerogative" still.

He fawn'd and he bullied while William was king,
  All the time with old James corresponding;
"Two strings to a bow" are an excellent thing,
  While his knavery never desponding,
Contrived, come what would to alight on its feet,
And by plunder or craft to make sure of his meat.

In queen Anne's palmy days his base whelps in a crowd
On the neck of the nation were riding,
The hero of Blenheim they slander'd aloud,
And in bribes and corruption confiding,
Began to grow fat as the nation grew lean,
Then they crow'd like game cocks in full feather again.

Their mother was bigotry, Rome's own dear daughter,
Their nurse was superstition,
And yet the old dame they'd have given to slaughter,
So unfilial their disposition,
Though weak and hobbling, as well as old—
And they curs'd her faith, but they clutch'd her gold.

George the First kick'd them out; for the Stuarts they plotted,
Rais'd the cry of "High Church," and what not,
For, excluded from power, with anger besotted,
Like Lyndhurst they 'll join in a plot;
Tory principles ever are govern'd by self,
The throne and the people are nothing to pelf.

How their hopes all reviv'd in the year forty-five,
Let history emblazon and tell;
Yet they wanted to see how the Stuart would thrive,
Before they'd his regiments swell;
Their discretion in all modes, a virtue well known,
Whether dealing with steeple, or people, or throne.

When the Stuart was foil'd their despair made them loyal,
And the Devil they took for their leader,
Great Chatham to foil, (to their creed still right royal,)
For Bute, the third George's persuader;
So they sold France a peace, to the wide world's wonder,
And then like banditti divided the plunder.

With the monarch their servant, the next reign was long,
They wheedled, and cozen'd, and pleas'd him,
For that king's "right divine" to rule colonies wrong,
Of all doubt in a moment they eas'd him;
Hired Hessians for butchering, (England to pay,)
And Indians to tomahawk, torture, and slay.

And when this was done, all in modest endeavour
At quelling rebellion and riot,
To France, Spain, America, (abject as ever,)
They gave up half a world to be quiet;
Trail'd their country's proud banner in ashes and dust,
And for millions of debt pledg'd the nation in trust.

Next, not wise by experience, with freedom they fought,
Squandering millions on millions away,
With penal laws, gagging acts, bay'nets they taught,
Their lessons of faith and of sway;
Heap'd taxes on taxes, and made half the nation
Be paupers, to work out the Bourbon's salvation.

For years on the necks of the people they trod,
Leagu'd all Europe in fresh coalitions,
To be beaten afresh, and bowed down by the rod,
To a conqueror's harder conditions,

Till all Europe was dragg'd at Napoleon's car,
Whom they alone raised to be mightiest in war.

Ambition ('twas well for their backs and their heads,)
Set their conqueror to combat the skies,
When the force that can tear up the hills from their beds,
Made nerveless his energies;
Thus the teeth and the claws of the animal flown,
They lied to the world that the act was their own!

Vain fools, just as well had they battled the wind,
Or tried ocean's springs to discover;
So they patch'd up a peace that showed they were blind,
Or knaves for the twentieth time over;
Made England break treaties, and helper be,
In the Holy Alliance foolery.

Against freedom for twenty long years with great pain,
They had warr'd, they had written, and sworn,
But France, whom they bound in the Bourbon's chain,
Burst the links, and rose fresh as the morn;
And as "dew-drops" are shook from the "lion's mane,"
She sprang to her arms for her freedom again.

Why not have restored the crown'd bigot's chain,
Since the first restoration succeeded?
Why not have re-echoed their war-whoop again,
If a thousand fresh millions were needed?
Because though a thousand were once paid away,
Ten thousand twice told would not buy it to-day.

For "opinion" is lord, and its foes are all weigh'd
In the scale of the just, and found wanting,
Reform, with the hand of a giant, has laid
His grasp on the Tory's vaunting;
E'en their chieftain, their hero, a warrior brave,
Is transfix'd at his impotence to save—

The scathed laurel surrounding his brow droops low,
To revive—no never more!—
The triumphs of war may remain as now,
But peace hath a nobler store;
And he whom no generous impulse guides,
Will float a torn wreck upon Time's dark tides.

The day of the Tory is fled—the child
That whines on the nurse's knee,
Might as well curb the steed of the desert wild,
As Tory foot trample the free;
No never again shall his power uprise,
To blast England's nobler energies.

Her day-star has risen, the western heaven
Is bright with its rising glory;
To the feudal years and past darkness is given
The breed of the braggart Tory;
And like her own ocean shall England be,
The resistless and limitless realm of the free!

THE WAGGONER.[1]

HURRYING on an interval of several years—for the few remaining scenes of this black drama must now be passed rapidly before the reader's eyes—let us approach the mansion of Job Oxleigh, Esq. M. P., on an evening in the winter of the year 1768. He was entertaining a numerous and gay dinner party, consisting of some of the most distinguished people in the county. Sir William Gwynne was to have been one of them, but excused himself on the score of illness. Many were the toasts that had been drunk, and were drinking; and the health of the host was being proposed, and received with complimentary enthusiasm, when a servant brought in a letter, which he put into the hands of the Rev. Dr. Ebury, the vicar of the parish—a staid and learned man, who after a polite nod to the host, opened it, and read with much surprise as follows:—"The master of the workhouse presents respects to the Rev. Dr. Ebury, and begs to inform him, that there is a pauper in the workhouse, now in dying circumstances, who has so disturbed, for some time, every body in the house with his groans and lamentations, that it has been found necessary to put him into a room by himself. He says he has something very heavy on his mind, and humbly begs the favour of a clergyman's being sent for, when he will make an important confession. The Rev. Dr. Ebury is respectfully informed, that the man is pronounced to be in extreme circumstances, and that unless the doctor can come immediately, it may prove too late."

Great was the astonishment with which Dr. Ebury perused this letter, which he took an opportunity of reading aloud to the company, as at once a sufficient and very interesting excuse for leaving. He promised to return to the party that evening, and communicate any intelligence he might receive. Mr. Oxleigh was observed to start as Dr. Ebury went on; and when he had finished reading the letter, Mr. Oxleigh turned deadly pale. Fortunately, however, for him, he had been complaining of indisposition several times in the course of the evening; and what was really the consequence of consternation and guilt, was really attributable by those around him to the cause he assigned. His hands, his whole limbs shook; and his eyes looked glassily around the no longer welcome company; for he felt frightful misgivings that his name might be implicated in the confessions which the clergyman was gone to receive!

When Dr. Ebury reached the workhouse, he was conducted alone to the bed-side of the man who had wished to see him. He sat beside the gaunt and ghastly figure of a once tall and powerful man. The eyes were sunk and fixed, the flesh fallen away from his high cheek bones, his bloodless lips were retracted, and his huge bony hands, comparatively fleshless, clasped together on his breast, as in an attitude of prayer. He looked a fearful figure—the remnants of a ruffian.

Dr. Ebury knelt down beside the dying man, and uttered a few words of prayer over him.

"And what have you to say to me, my friend?" inquired Dr. Ebury, as soon as they were left alone. The man bent his staring eyes glassily on the clergyman, and with some difficulty, owing to a convulsive twitching about the throat, gasped, "Ay, sir, ay! much to say, and short my time! Lord have mercy upon me! O, good Lord, pardon my wicked soul! Lord—Lord, forgive me, and I will confess all!" The man's limbs shook, and his lips worked to and fro violently, evidencing the presence of terrible emotion. He then gasped and faltered, at intervals, somewhat to the following effect: "Doctor, I have lived in guilt almost from a child—woe to me that I was ever born! I have been a robber, a smuggler, and

[1] Continued from page 51.

even—even—" his retracted lips disclosed the white of his teeth in a frightful manner—a—murderer! Ay—I have! But there is nothing weighs down my soul so heavily in these my last moments, so heavily as one wickedness I have done to an innocent, unoffending man—for, black and cruel as it will seem, it may be yet in my power to make amends. I shall break my oath—" Here a convulsive twitching seized his whole frame, and Dr. Ebury, under the apprehension that the man was dying, called for assistance. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the power of speech returned. "Sir, will God curse me if I break an oath I ought never to have made?" Dr. Ebury solemnly replied, "No; especially if breaking it will tend to repair the evil you have done!" The man seemed encouraged.

"It is more than eight years ago now, sir—close going for nine—that a man of the name of Isaacs and I, both being smugglers at the time, were hired to help in kidnapping a man of the name of Fowler—" "*Fowler!* Fowler!" exclaimed Dr. Ebury, bending down breathlessly to catch every word, uttered more faintly every moment by the dying man.

"Yes, sir—Fowler was his name, William Fowler—send him off to America, and Isaacs with him; and cruelly did we use the poor harmless fellow!"

"And why was it all?"—"Because, sir, our employers told us he stood in the way of their rights!"

"What were their names?" inquired Dr. Ebury, bending down his ear to the very lips of the dying man, to catch every breath of sound.—"Sir William Gwynne, and—and Squire Ox—Ox—leigh—"

Dr. Ebury turned suddenly pale, and almost overthrew the chair on which he had been sitting.

"Go on—go on! God give you strength to tell all you wish, and truly!"—"Amen! amen! amen!" replied the dying man, closing his eyes. His breath was evidently beginning to fail.

"Speak, before it is too late—relieve your soul—" "Mr. Ox—Ox—leigh—paid me—had, in all, hundreds of pounds—Fowler—now in America—hope—alive—New York—Isaacs—order to kill—O——save—save—pray!" The wretched man's voice ceased, and gave place to a horrid choking, gurgling sound—his hands quivered a moment with final agonies—there was a sudden start—his jaw dropped—his eyes looked upwards with a fixed leaden stare—and Dr. Ebury sat gazing on as fearful a corpse as he had ever witnessed.

He was so stunned with what he had heard, that he did not think of moving for some minutes from his seat beside the dead man. "Sir William Gwynne!—Mr. Oxleigh!" he repeated, scarcely believing he had heard the words aright. He left the workhouse with such agitation in his countenance and trepidation in his gestures, as sufficiently alarmed the master and others whom he encountered, and who knew the dreary errand on which he had been summoned. He returned not to Mr. Oxleigh's party, but hurried to his own house, betook himself to his study, and instantly committed to paper what he had heard, determined, whatever might happen, to preserve such a faithful record as he could swear to.

About an hour after Dr. Ebury had left the workhouse, Mr. Oxleigh made his appearance there, having suddenly dismissed his visitors on the plea of illness.

"Is the man dead, sir?" he inquired, falteringly, from the master.—"What—the man Dr. Ebary came to see, an hour or so since?"—"The same—ay, the same," replied Oxleigh, hastily.—"Yes, sir. He died while Dr. Ebury was with him; and he has"——

"Give me a light, sir, and let me be shown into the room alone. It is of consequence," said Oxleigh, sternly; and presently, with a candle in his hand, entered the room where the corpse, yet untouched, was lying.

He shut the door, and bolted it; approached the corpse, and let the light of the candle fall upon the ghastly features. His own countenance was blanched in a moment.—"So—it is you!—Dam—ned ruffian!" he gasped, in a low choked tone, his body half recoiling from that of the dead man; his eyes gleaming with a diabolical stare upon those of the corpse; his left hand elevating his candle, and his right, with the fist convulsively clenched, extended, for nearly a minute, in quivering contact with the face of the deceased. He *struck* the cold corpse—and then, overcome with horror, sunk down into a chair; his candle dropped—was extinguished—and then the dead and living ruffians were left together in darkness.

In a state of distraction bordering on frenzy, Oxleigh made his way from the workhouse, amazing the people he passed by the wildness and agitation apparent in his countenance. He hurried on horseback to Gwynne Hall, and asked hastily for Sir William Gwynne. He was informed that the baronet, feeling worse that evening, had been some hours in bed. "Never mind, sir," said Oxleigh to the thunderstruck valet; "shew me into Sir William's chamber instantly. Tell him my name, and that my business is of mortal consequence!" The valet returned shortly, and conducted Mr. Oxleigh at once to the bedside of his master.

"Well sir—well," commenced the baronet, in a low and hurried tone. "What is the matter? For God's sake, sir, *what* has happened?" he inquired, in still greater agitation, seeing Oxleigh stand speechless, and the image of despair.

"Sir William, it is all over with us; we are DISCOVERED!" at length replied Oxleigh, in a gasping whisper, laying his shaking hand on the baronet's shoulder. Sir William sprung up in bed, as if he had received an electric shock, tossed off the bed-clothes, and lay curved up and crouching in the midst of them, with his hands clutching the hair of his head, and his countenance full of frightful expression. It did little more than reflect the horror-stricken features of Oxleigh. There was a guilty pair! The baronet, without having uttered a syllable, slowly sunk again into bed, and lay there, absolutely gasping. Neither of them spoke. At length Oxleigh recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Sir William, Sir William, this is very truth; but we must not shrink in the hour of danger. We must meet it like men. We *must*, Sir William," he continued, eyeing the dumb-struck, stupified baronet, who scarce seemed to hear him, but mumbled to himself. At length, Oxleigh distinguished the words, "Is it death, or transportation?"—"You are rambling, Sir William! What are you talking about? It is weak to behave *thus*, in such an awful crisis. Remember how you have implicated *me*, Sir William"——

The baronet was roused by these last words from his lethargy. He turned his head suddenly towards Oxleigh, looked at him a few seconds, and then suddenly leaped towards him, grasped him by the collar, and shook him with frantic fury, exclaiming, "You fiend! you fiend! To talk *thus* to ME!" He had hardly uttered the words, however, before his hold relaxed, and he dropped into the bed again, in a swoon. Oxleigh rung the bell; and when the valet made his appearance, informed him he was going to bring the physician, and suddenly left the Hall. He hurried through the lonely park on foot; and when he had reached the thickest clump of trees, he paused, leaned against the glistening trunk of an old ash, and, with folded arms and bent brows, pondered his fearful fortunes.

"What is to be done! Dr. Ebury has taken down his confession, and has not returned, as he promised, to my house! Then he knows all! Messengers will be sent off to America, Sir William and I shall be arrested, we shall be confronted with Fowler in a court of justice—or—I must away betimes! And yet suppose, after all, the man died before he could make confession! Suppose he was unable to speak distinctly! Suppose

he has not told names—has not mentioned *me*—and all is yet safe! *There* is a straw to cling to! But suppose he HAS!—My neck aches! I must away! I must leave all behind me. Yes—Sir William Gwynne!—Well—what if I do leave *him*? Would *he* risk his life for me? Then why I for him? I entered into all this to serve *my* ends, not his! I must away—be off to America! This night—ay, this very night—and alone! If I had but known where the cursed caitiff that has betrayed me was to have been found, I would have silenced him! Oxleigh clutched his hands involuntarily, as though they were grasping the dead man's throat. "This is why he has been absconding the last six months from Sir William and me—the pitiful villain—the cowardly, treacherous devil!"

He sprung from where he had been standing, made for where he had fastened his horse, galloped at his utmost speed over the highway, and was soon at home. After a night of terrible agitation, he determined to take the earliest opportunity of calling at the vicarage, and seeing Dr. Ebury, where he could but learn the worst. By ten o'clock he was knocking at the vicar's; but to his consternation, he found that Dr. Ebury had set off, an hour before, in a carriage and four, for London, in company with Mr. Parkhurst, a solicitor in the neighbourhood. There was no mistaking *that* move, thought Oxleigh!—He returned home, and hastily wrote to Sir William Gwynne:—"Fate thrusts me from England. When you read this, I shall be on my way to foreign parts. I can do no good in England for myself, or for you. I leave you bound to the stake by your own weakness. Accursed, damned be the hour I ever saw you, or discovered the means of my ruin. J. O."

He altered his intentions suddenly, however, after writing and sending the above note to Sir William Gwynne; for his terrified domestics found him that morning lying in the paved yard behind his house, horribly crushed and mangled. He had thrown himself, head foremost, out of the highest window!

* * * * * *

The scene must once more shift to America. In the large room of an inn in New York, one Saturday evening in February 1769, was collected together the usual miscellaneous assemblage of sailors, small tradesmen, and others fond of "noisy song and stirring draught." It differed little from a crowded English tap-room. Liquor circulated freely, and conversation, if such name it deserved, was brisk and boisterous. There were several recently-arrived British sailors in the room; who, about eight o'clock, left, to return to their respective vessels, leaving behind them two of their passengers. These men seemed silent and reserved, even beyond the proverbial taciturnity of Englishmen; and for upwards of an hour had drunk their liquor in quiet, without exchanging a syllable with any one about them. They continued drinking, however, till—liquor opened the sluices of speech—at least of one—who took the opportunity of the other's temporary absence, to inform a listening coterie, that had gradually collected about the bench on which he sat, of the reason for his visiting America. This prudent person was no other than he who was first brought before the eye of the reader—Richard Forster, who had, during the seven or eight years which had elapsed, been elevated to the dignity of a constable; and he told his gaping auditors, that his and his companion's errand to America, in company with a Torney and his Clerk, was to discover a kidnapped Englishman of the name of Fowler!

"I suppose there isn't any one here that knows Bill Fowler—or where he may be found?" inquired the garrulous and foolish Englishman, whose simple intellects were getting more and more disturbed with what he was drinking. He repeated his question.

"Hold your tongue, you idiot!" growled his companion, that moment

returning, and resuming his seat by Forster,—"Hold your —— tongue, you fool!" and his brother constable pinched him cruelly by the arm. Forster's question was answered in the negative by those around—who began to ask questions in their turn.

"Does any of you—"—St! St!" whispered his scowling companion, kicking Forster's shins under the table. But his tongue had been set going, and could not be easily stopped.

"Does any one know a fellow of the name of—of—of—Le—Le—hang me, I've forgotten the name! What is it, Dobbes?" He hiccupped to his companion, who was smoking his pipe with prodigious energy. "O, you ——— fool!—Don't speak to *me*. You deserve your tongue cut out of your head!—Gentlemen!" he continued, addressing those around,—"all that this silly chap has said is blather—mere moonshine. He's drunk! We have but come to America to-day, and for the purpose of settling in this town, if we can." But his auditors' curiosity was excited, and could not be so easily allayed. One of them was—Francis Leroux himself; and the consternation with which he listened to the gabble of the English stranger, may be imagined. He had, only that afternoon, come up to New York, to see whether there were any long expected letters for him from England; for his own letter had been long unanswered, and he was getting furious, and bent on mischief. He was too practised a villain to lose his presence of mind in such an emergency as that in which he now suddenly found himself placed. Drinking a little deeper from the glass that stood before him, he mingled with the throng around Forster, and, with as indifferent a tone as he could assume, inquired, "Why—what does your government intend to do with the knave?" "It has sent out us four gentlemen to seek these two men, Bill Fowler, (who, would you believe it, is an old friend of mine,) and Le—Le—Le—what's his name?—back to England. The whole thing is discovered! 'Tis all known! This Bill Fowler is worth——"

"Now, I'll tell thee what, thou exceeding ass!" exclaimed his companion, a huge fellow, flinging down his pipe, "if thou sayest one word more, I'll take thee into the street, and put my fist upon thee till thou art beaten sober again. Come away, you rascal!" and Dick was dragged out of the room, amidst the jokes and laughter of the whole room.

Neither joke nor laugh, however, fell from the quivering lip of Leroux. He presently left the inn, and made for the post where he had tied up his nag, which he saddled, mounted, and rode at a smart pace out of the town, desirous of reaching his and Richard Fowler's residence as quickly as his horse could carry him. Two schemes suggested themselves to his busy thought as he rode along. The one was, to make drunk, and then murder Fowler that very night, and then start for South America. The other, to conceal him, by getting him to undertake a journey far inland—and keeping him there, on one pretext of business or another, till Leroux could make terms for himself, by turning king's evidence, and betraying his employers.

"I know well how to dispose of him," thought Leroux, as he rode slowly up a hill, to ease his nag; "and yet not have to charge myself with his murder. Poor Fowler! He is a harmless fellow, too—and what harm has he ever done me? But I've done too much against him already, to stop now! Besides, Sir William Gwynne's last letter—and I've sworn to obey *him!* So—let me see how it might be done. Suppose I wait till to-morrow evening, and then ask Fowler quietly to drink with me, at my little place in the Lake-field. He is easy and simple, especially in the matter of drink, which I can make him swill, till he knows not whether head or heels are uppermost. Then I will part with him; and, to return home, he must pass the Dorlbad, which is a rotten and dangerous bridge, scarcely passable by day-time, and while sober—and there

is a rushing stream underneath, with a thirty foot fall! Suppose I send him out, then, reeling—and nearly blind drunk—and shake hands with him at parting, telling him to take care of himself—(Lord, there *can't* be murder, if I say *that!*) Well—he comes to the bridge—he staggers—his foot—his foot—his foot slips—I watch him from a distance—do not see him—there is a faint crash—and I am off that night for South——"

Leroux's horse had been standing still, while these fearful thoughts passed through the head of its rider, who suddenly heard the clatter of horses' hoofs approaching from behind, at a smart pace; and, turning round his head, he found a small party of horsemen approaching him. He was a little surprised at this, for the road was lonely and unfrequented; but surprise gave way to a very different feeling, when, on being overtaken, one of the party stopped his horse beside him, and—another snatching hold of his bridle—seized him with the grasp of a Hercules by the collar, and in a rough English voice, said, "Isaac Isaacs—thou art my man; and, dead or alive, I will have thee in England, before thou art two months older. I say," he continued, tightening his vice-like hold; "hast forgotten what an English bull-dog is, Isaac?"

Confounded, as he well might be, with the suddenness of the seizure, and more so, at hearing his real name spoken, the first time for many years, Isaacs, who was a very muscular man, swung his assailant nearly off his horse with a sudden jerk of his arm. Two pistols were instantly levelled at his head.

"Dost see what are before thee?" inquired the man who had seized him, and still kept his hold—"They will teach thee reason!" "Why—are you Englishmen?" growled Isaacs; "and is *this* the way——"

"Aye, we are English—and stout men, too!" replied the brawny constable; "and to show thee what stuff we are made of,—if thou hast English blood enough left in thee to relish a round at bruising,—(thou art a big fellow,) and wilt dismount—I will make thee swear a horse kicked thee, Isaacs!" shaking his huge fist at his prisoner. "Come! art for a turn?" "A likely thing!" muttered Isaacs, without stirring a muscle.

"So! thou wilt not fight un, eh?—Well—to be sure thou hast lived in America, and forgotten our English ways. But we shall teach thee them, Master Isaacs!" he continued—and observing his prisoner with his hand in his bosom, trying to unclasp a knife, he aimed such a tremendous blow at the side of his head, that his prisoner would have fallen from his horse, had he not still been held by the left hand of the constable. Isaacs was completely stunned; and before he could recover himself, his arms were tied tightly together behind his back, and the rope passed once round his neck, in such a way, that if he struggled at all, he would find himself nearly choked.

"Now look, Isaacs," said the constable, standing over his slowly recovering prisoner, "I have often seen thy ugly face in Shropshire, and knew the sort of trade thou didst carry on, though mayhap thou knewest nought of me. I heard thee ask Dick Forster here, them questions at the inn! I saw thy face go white as a new-washed shirt! And now, to be short, having thus quietly taken thee, we will as quietly keep thee!—Isaacs, an' thou art for leaving America alive, do thou hearken to me, and tell me where Bill Fowler is, or we'll hang thy great carcass on the first tree we come to; which is the English way of doing things in America."

"Where is your warrant for all this?" growled Isaacs. "Here!" said the Englishman, taking a pistol out of his coat-pocket; "sure this will be enough for thee! Isaacs, we be charged to bring home thee and Sir William Fowler Gwynne, by fair means or foul, and we *will*, Isaacs!"

"Well—let me know one thing. If I should show you where he is, safe and sound—will you release me?" There was a pause. "No—I will be plain and true with thee like a man. We will *not* let thee go; we will have thee back to England, dead or alive."

"Well—if show him to you—and we both reach England—what will be done with me, think you? Hanging?" "Why—no; I doubt whether thou art worthy of that. Thou wilt, perchance, be put into the stocks, morning, noon, and night, for three years; and then publicly whipped; and then be kicked out of Old England, and sent to a somewhat different place from this—and when thou art there, how soon thou gettest shot, or hanged, matters not." Every one laughed at the eloquence of the constable but Isaacs.

"What—will it not make in my favour to tell you where he is, gentlemen?" said the crest-fallen Isaacs, quite cowered before the plain-spoken, resolute, athletic Englishman. "To be sure it will!—An' thou dost not, thou shall not *live* to get hanged in England, for I will knock out thy brains here!" Isaacs seemed reflecting a while.

"Well," said he, at length, "I see how it is—and perhaps 'twere better to tell all at once!—Look 'ee, gentlemen!—I'm an injured man."—There was a laugh.—"I've done all in my power to release Fowler, and get him back to England—but could not compass it. I have used him handsomely, and given him almost all the monies that were sent me from England——" "Come, then—he'll be better able to tell us that himself," said the constable, urging his prisoner, and helping him on horseback; "thou must mind say all *that* before my lord the Judge in England, who will have to sentence thee. I am a plain man, and don't see the use on't!—Now lead thou on, Master Isaacs!"

Nearly bursting with fury, Isaacs, his horse's bridle held by the constable, directed the party in what direction to proceed; and in about two hours' time, the cavalcade entered the quiet farm-yard of Fowler and Isaacs—and one of the party knocked at the house-door. It was about twelve o'clock, and Fowler was greatly alarmed, thinking himself beset by banditti.

"Do but come down to us," said Dick Forster, one of the party, thoroughly shaken into his sober senses, before setting out on the expedition, by his angry companion.—"Do but come down to us, and we will tell you the greatest piece of news you ever heard.—Come!—come, an' it be with a cocked pistol in each hand, and under both arms! Why, man, I am loving Richard Forster from England! And here be never so many friends come with me, to bear me company to you!" Fowler nearly leaped out of the window from which he had been reconnoitring the party in the yard. In a trice he was down stairs, in the midst of them, with his cap and night-shirt; and singling out Forster, who rushed forward to meet him, clasped him in his arms, laughing and crying by turns.

"Why, dearest Dick, what art thou come here for? Who be all these?" All bowed and removed their hats, and their eloquent spokesman proceeded—"We be come for to tell you of your rights, and riches, and honour, and titles, and our loves.—You be no longer Bill Fowler, but Sir William Fowler Gwynne, a baronet of Gwynne-Hall, Shropshire, with a hundred thousand pounds a-year besides! A'n't he, gentlemen, eh?"—turning round with a confident air to his bowing companions.

"Sir William—*Sir William*—what?—inquired Fowler, standing stupified among them. "Ay, ay, Bill—I mean *Sir* Bill—that is, Sir William"—stammered Dick Forster. "You be really a very great man, and here's one behind us will tell thee so, besides!"—and stepping aside, poor Leroux, with his hands tied behind him, and in the grasp of the gigantic constable, stood forth to view. Fowler stared at him, breathlessly.

"Isaacs!" said Forster, "I mean, Le—Le—what's it?—Isn't all this true? Isn't Bill Fowler that was, a baronet now, by the name of Sir William Fowler?"——"Ay, I suppose so!" grumbled Isaacs, ashamed to look his ci-devant captive in the face.

"What! is it all true?" said Fowler, approaching him, with a wondering air. "Is it no dream?—No mockery?" "You *are* Sir William Gwynne!" replied Isaacs, sullenly.

"And why are *you* tied in this way, eh?" pursued Fowler, elevating his hands in astonishment. "Because *he's* a rogue, as you are a baronet!" replied Dick Forster, promptly.

Fowler still looked bewildered. "Gentlemen," said he, suddenly, "I can't make it out; but I shall know better what to think, when I've slept upon it! But—if I'm really a baronet—why, I'll make you all drink this night with the greatest man you ever drank with before! I will empty all my ale-casks for you, and you can drink them. Come in, gentlemen—come in, I say!"

The baronet was obeyed; and in a short time was sitting in his parlour, with a new-lit fire, surrounded by his English friends, and with a fresh-tapped cask of ale upon the table, which supplied such excitement to them all, as found vent in songs that might have been heard a mile off, and were heard with peculiar satisfaction by Isaacs, who, with his legs tied together, and his arms pinioned, lay in the room over head. It need not occasion surprise to hear that the rising sun beheld the newly-made baronet, and his jolly friends, lying huddled together on the parlour floor, in prostrate adoration before the shrine of Bacchus. It was arranged that they were all to set off for England without the delay of a day. Sir William Fowler was not long in making his preparations; but one of the expected guests did not evince such alacrity for the voyage, as his companions. It was Isaacs; who took the opportunity, in some inexplicable way, of making his escape. When his mortified captors came, hardly sobered, into the room where they had left him,—lo, their man was gone! All search proved useless; no traces of him were ever discovered.

Let us travel faster to England than Sir William and his attendants, and view the aspect of matters awaiting his arrival.

Dr. Ebury lost no time, as he was, in proceeding up to London, and laying before the Secretary of State the shocking confession he had received, thereby explaining the sudden and mysterious abduction of Fowler. The villainous plot began to unravel itself; but, as an affair of such magnitude, and criminating a man of the rank and fortune of Sir William Gwynne, the Secretary of State enjoined the utmost deliberation and circumspection. The moment, however, Oxleigh's suicide was communicated to him, he felt warranted, at the instance of Mr. Parkhurst, the solicitor accompanying Dr. Ebury, in sending a commission of four persons to America; two of them constables from the neighbourhood, and acquainted with the person of Fowler, to bring back the kidnapped heir to the titles and estates of Gwynne. In the mean time, Mr. Parkhurst hurried down to Shropshire with a warrant to arrest Oxleigh, and reached his house, with officers, during the time that a coroner's inquest was sitting on the body. He then proceeded to Gwynne Hall; but found Sir William in too dangerous circumstances to be moved. Very heavy bail was taken for him, and an officer besides left in the house. A most rigorous investigation into the whole affair was set on foot by Mr. Parkhurst and Dr. Ebury. The claims of the absent Fowler were thoroughly sifted, and found to be irrefragable. Morning, noon, and night, did Mr. Parkhurst devote cheerfully to the laborious inquiry; writing with his own hands hundreds of folios. When, at length, he had collected all his materials, and, as the phrase is, "licked them a little into shape," he

set off with them for London, to secure the opinion and advice of the celebrated Attorney-General. Great interest was excited about the cause, even in the metropolis; and all parties waited with anxiety for the decision of the Attorney-General,—as if his fiat had been that of the judges.

The day appointed by the Attorney-General for delivering his opinion on the voluminous case laid before him, happened, singularly enough, to be that on which the new baronet and his friends arrived in London, from America. Mr. Parkhurst soon received intelligence of the event; and procured the attendance of Sir William, with himself, Dr. Ebury, and another, at the Attorney-General's chambers in the Temple, where he had intimated his intention of reading to them and explaining his opinion.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I do not think I ever devoted such anxious care to a case as this. I have gone nearly a dozen times over this pile of papers, and had, all the while, the assistance of my eminent brother, the Solicitor-General. We completely agree in one opinion; which is, that the title of Sir William Gwynne CANNOT BE DISTURBED." Mr. Parkhurst almost sunk into the floor. "There are two reasons for this," proceeded the Attorney-General, calmly; "first, the statute of limitations came into operation six months ago, in Sir William's favour: and I need not say, that when the statute once begins to run, nothing can stop it. But even supposing that ground to be doubtful, as it *may*, possibly, be beat into a questionable shape, there is yet a fatal obstacle in the way of the person whose pretensions you have so zealously and ably espoused; Sir William Gwynne IS THE RIGHT HEIR AT LAW." Mr. Parkhurst looked aghast. "In a matter of such moment as this, I have availed myself of a certain information, which was tendered to me in consideration of my office. I have here, and shall deliver into your hands, a document, formerly in the possession of the deceased Mr. Job Oxleigh, and unquestionably in his handwriting, stating, with proofs, that the wife of the late Mr. William Fowler Gwynne, the alleged mother of the person now present—pointing to the *soi-disant* baronet—" died, certainly having given birth to a son; but that son DIED within a week of his christening. This young man, who has always hitherto borne the name of William Fowler, was an orphan son of a poor woman that died in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Fowler, who took her child, nursed it, gave it the name of William Fowler, and died, leaving it about two years of age. The whole has been the singularly artful contrivance of the late Mr. Job Oxleigh, to hold Sir William Gwynne in bondage, and extort from him the estate called "The Sheaves," of which Mr. Oxleigh was possessed. I may take the liberty of suggesting, that, though the baronet has acted cruelly and illegally, under the circumstances, a prosecution against him would not be more than barely sustained. He has suffered greater torture for the last nine or ten years, than the law can now inflict upon him. It is of course, however, for you and others to consider this, which I merely offer as a suggestion. Sir, I beg to hand you my written opinion, as well as the document to which I have alluded; and to intimate that I am compelled to withdraw, being summoned to attend the King."

The Attorney-General bowed, and withdrew into another room, leaving Mr. Parkhurst, and indeed all present, completely thunderstruck.

"What!—Be I no baronet, then, after all?" inquired Fowler, woefully chopfallen. Mr. Parkhurst gave him no answer.

"Who is to send me back again to America?"

These were puzzling and unwelcome questions. How the poor fellow was eventually disposed of, I know not; though, it is said, he was seen, shortly after, in his old character of a waggoner; and his splendid adventures silenced for ever the claims to popularity of poor Dick Forster.

Mr. Parkhurst did not continue in town two hours after the Attorney-General had delivered his opinion; but stepped into a post-chaise and four, and hurried down into Shropshire, to release Sir William Gwynne from all restraint, and communicate the extraordinary turn which circumstances had taken. He reached Gwynne Hall in time to see the return of the mournful funeral procession, which had attended Sir William's remains to the vault of his ancestors. The grief-worn, broken-hearted baronet—the victim of villainy almost unequalled in systematic atrocity—had expired about a week before, begging he might be buried as quickly as possible—as though he were ashamed for his remains to be upon the face of the earth. The titles and estates went to a remote member of the family.

Q. Q. Q.

THE LAST OF MAY.

Farewell sweet May, that late brought back the feelings of my youth,
Sensations long since pass'd away with dreams of early truth;
Thy golden light from heaven flung down on meadow, stream, and tree,
Thy genial warmth and gladsome air were long-lost friends to me!

Go, with thy flowers and odours fresh, to those remoter isles,
Where all the vernal year is bloom from thy benignant smiles,
Where purple eve but veils the west to bring a brighter morn,
And the wide world each day-dawn seems to be a world new born.

O there is nought can rival thee, thou love and beauty's pride,
In all the course of unblest man o'er life's tumultuous tide;
The weariest hearts forgot awhile their load of care below,
Whilst thou, fair May, wert smiling near to charm away their woe.

With thee what mysteries are blent! upon creation's brow,
His brand, sin, seems erasing fast, for all is goodness now;
Bird, beast, and e'en man's stubborn breast confess love's generous tie,
Benevolence is over all that lives beneath the sky.

For God is love—and thou art love, and every dewy flower,
That scents the breeze, or gaily flaunts amid the noon-tide hour,
Teaches deep lessons to the heart of that Almighty spring,
Whence gush such floods of kindness forth in streams unvarying.

Thou glory of the changing year, perhaps my last own May,
(Though thou wilt oft return as fair when I am past away,)
Farewell! thy parting hues to me are like a vision wild,
Of all the joys and hopes I had when once a happy child!

Ω.

FRENCH AND BRITISH CHOLERA.

SINCE the last number but one of the METROPOLITAN was published, two very remarkable circumstances have occurred; the cholera has rapidly declined in London, and rapidly advanced in Paris. The metropolis of the *soi-disant* most civilized nation of the world has suffered much in the same ratio as cities of the plague, and much more than any European town. We know not what the returns of Jessore were, but from all we have heard Paris has not been better off than that populous place during the visitation of the cholera. And it is very remarkable, that the nation "which has attained the highest grade of political advancement, so as to outstrip all others in refinement," has exceeded the much-abused lower Irish in London, the barbarians of Russia, and even rivalled the mobility of ancient Egypt, during the plague, in prejudice, misconception, ingratitude, violence, and distrust of its rulers, and their medical practitioners; also in violation of the regulations adopted for the relief of the sufferers, and the prevention of the disease.

We wish neither to insult nor triumph over our neighbours, amongst whom we have spent some of our happiest days, and whose liveliness and good fellowship we have frequently enjoyed, as we have admired their zeal and attainments in science and philosophy. But we do say that no nation has ever received a more important practical lesson from its own conduct, or more grave subject matter for serious reflection, than the Parisian French. What with their occasional "movements," "from the most enlightened and virtuous motives," and the terrific and awful spread of cholera amongst them, all trade has been at a stand; building speculations are stopped, hotels and lodging-houses, the theatres and the restaurants have been closed; for the most part, public confidence fled, strangers to the amount of thirty thousand departed, and the people died daily by hundreds, after about an average of three or four hours' illness. The Chambers refused to sit, the prime minister and his family were in the cholera bulletins, and numerous bands of the rabble paraded the streets, uttering blasphemies, threats, and curses, urged by despair, terror, revenge, and every bad feeling which can actuate the most degraded state of the human mind. This is no exaggerated picture of Paris during the rage of cholera. And is this a state of things calculated to allow a boast of superior moral advancement, or of a degree of civilization beyond all other nations? Has the moral and political condition of France improved with its "movements," and the many caprices as to its form of government? Have the people become better, has education extended, have the means and the arts of life become more abundant and useful? Has public prosperity and improvement kept pace with the enthusiasm of the people for trying something new in all things every now and then? If France has been cursed with bad rulers, she has been equally so with bad and unprincipled malcontents. We will not contend that France has retrograded rather than advanced in civilization and the arts; but there is no city in Europe, always excepting Constantinople and Lisbon, where the cholera might be expected to make fiercer ravages than in Paris. And why so? it may be asked. We answer, because the Parisian medical police is as bad as it can be,—because the general habits of living are bad, the lower orders poorer,

more abandoned, and worse dieted than the generality of the same class in London; the streets and houses are not only crowded but undrained, the water is bad, the wine worse: no measures of precaution were taken before the disease appeared, and the plan of secluding the sick was not adopted. There may be other influential causes, but these are the principal circumstances which, in our opinion, constitute the very different shade between the cholera in London and the cholera in Paris. *Our* mode of receiving the disease will ever be a credit to the country; and no one can now reasonably doubt but that the comparative lightness of the visitation amongst us was mainly, if not entirely, owing to the mode in which the disease was met, giving also credit to the British stamina, the habit of feeding principally on good animal food, and porter, and the superiority of our water, our national habits of life, and draining system, &c.

The cholera has been in London this ten or fourteen weeks, and has not involved any great proportion of the inhabitants. Let us not, however, speak too confidently, and despise the cholera too much. It may possibly return, and perhaps with greater vigour; although our impressions rather tend the other way. Let us however be prepared, for we have an immense population, much of which is closely compacted together, in great privation and distress. Although the sanatory boards will soon perhaps suspend their functions, we trust they will not so far dissolve the measures adopted with so much skill and judgment, under the auspices of the central board, as to endanger any sudden recurrence of the disease when the public are off their guard. We say thus much, because whatever doubts might have been entertained, these must now be generally given up, as relates to any power we can exert over the disease in preventing and greatly controlling its ravages. Whatever doubts were entertained, must now yield to the unquestionable fact, that the late epidemic cholera is a communicable disease from man to man, under certain conditions and limitations.

We do not mean to assert that cholera is strictly and exclusively contagious; but we do mean to declare that it is obviously capable of spreading upon this principle, although it may be generated, like other epidemic contagions, by atmospherical phenomena. The Duke of Orleans, and a numerous suite, among whom was the late president of the council, &c., ostentatiously paraded the cholera wards of the hotel Dieu, and immediately afterwards the disease broke out among the higher orders; the prime minister sickened, his sister-in-law died, and so did the coachman, who drove the minister to the hospital; other members of the family afterwards fell ill of cholera, ten members of the Chamber of Deputies died of cholera, some foreigners of distinction, but, as we have understood, no Englishmen who were not domiciliated in Paris some years, and only a few of these.

If the non-contagionists want farther proof, what do they say of Bichoff, the military surgeon of St. Petersburg, who, disappointed at not having "a splendid blue case," as we heard an enthusiastic medical friend call it, to show his pupils, took one into his hospital, when "eight cases immediately occurred in the same ward." The Russian reports are full of such evidences, although we admit that there are numerous examples of persons not imbibing the disease, although they were exposed to the usual influence of contagious diseases. And this is precisely

what happens with some other contagions, and only shows that there is a power of resistance in some constitutions, which opposes the disease, and that different contagions are communicated with various degrees of difficulty or facility, of the laws of which we are generally very ignorant indeed.

At the same time, however, that the invasion of the cholera in this country, has been comparatively light, it is not to be considered as absolutely trifling. Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, it is a fact, that both in the north and in the Borough, as we formerly stated, the cholera months were attended with an unusual number of burials, and these increased and became less as the cases of cholera advanced and receded. The calculations have been taken from the parish registers, and the results are as follow:

The population of Sunderland and adjacent country is 55,000.

The burials in 1830 amounted to 132, and in November 1831, the same.

In December	1830.	141 burials.
	1831.	298 —
In January	1831.	125 —
	1832.	347 —
In February	1831.	123 —
	1832.	144 —

The cholera began to be reported, in Sunderland, early in October 1831. And it appears that in the subsequent nine or ten weeks the burials greatly increased. The first year given, 1830, they amounted to 266. In the second, when the cholera raged, the numbers were 645. So that during the cholera year there was an excess of 379 funerals. And the cholera ceasing in February 1832, there was only an excess of twenty-one funerals.

In the Borough, it appears, that in the space of three months from the middle of February, when the cholera broke out, there was an excess in the registered funerals of more than one hundred and twenty, compared with the previous year. Yet, notwithstanding these facts, a general notion prevails, that the cholera did not increase the rate of mortality; but, on the contrary, that during its prevalence the mortality was below the average of former years.

The total excess of funerals during the cholera year, was four hundred in the space of three months. And, of the reported cholera deaths there was an excess among the females of fifty-eight, 316 being the reported cholera funerals. According to the total population it appears that six persons in one thousand died of the cholera.

Whilst, however, we rejoice to find the cholera so well managed as to depart fast from London, we regret to see that in Edinburgh, where the most efficient management has been employed, the disease gains ground of late, whilst it is disposed to spread in the north western district. The example of Ely also shows that when we can at once "scotch the snake," we cannot at once "kill it," and that we may expect some occasional appearances of the cholera elsewhere in this country before the winter sets in. We, however, sincerely hope that the disease will be transient, and not become one of our regular annual maladies, although we much

fear that the country may be liable to periodical recurrences, such as have occurred elsewhere.

With respect to the treatment of this disease, it remains much where it begun, dependent upon *no specific*, but upon the good sense and good judgment of the practitioner employed. And it must be satisfactory to our sanatory board, to find that their French comrades in Paris, have not devised any plan of treatment, differing with, or superior to, that employed in England, in any essential particular.

Much of success is reported occasionally in the most opposite kind of treatment, and the saline or anti-phlogistic plan has been extolled; but this has not been authenticated in regard to what may be termed the desperate forms and stages of the disease, wherein the nervous system ceases to act; secretion is arrested, and animal heat rapidly declines, so that the body acquires no warmth from the most elevated temperature, but what is imparted to the air surrounding it—the touch, in such cases, giving an impression like that from touching a corpse or a cold-blooded animal. The stimulating plan alone seems to be wanting in this state, which when accompanied by livid blueness, is, we believe, perfectly hopeless. And as to the treatment in cases not so far advanced in malignity, the various nostrums recommended, and the variety of treatment tried, seems to indicate that crumb of bread pills, or powder of dust, might answer equally well.

As to the question of quarantine—it must now, we think, be abandoned; for although the most rigid quarantine that can be conceived, may do great good, yet it is impossible to bring such into practice; and it is evident that whilst accumulations of persons dispose the seeds of the disease to be so dispersed as to affect other persons around, and that one single person may introduce the germs of the disease into a town; yet the cholera, as apparently it has in Paris, may be propagated by other means, not so much under our management and control—means possibly referable to peculiar conditions of the atmosphere beyond our comprehension.

In this metropolis the disease has ceased, in the same manner as epidemics in general do, its contagious properties being controllable from the plans of precaution dictated by the Board of Health; and probably from the disposition of the disease itself to rage for a time, and then to cease when its original causes are no longer in operation.

With a due regard to economy, the central board is reduced to three members, and kept up only because the cholera appears in some parts of the country still in activity, and we trust that the board will not relax its watchful care and attention till the epidemic be fairly subdued, and no vestige left of its existence; and should it again break out, the experience of the profession will enable them to meet it with that skill and promptitude which they have uniformly exhibited during periods of danger and public alarm.

THE TAX-GATHERER.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Author of "Original Songs," lately published.

TUNE—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

O! DO ye ken Peter, the taxman an' vriter?
Ye're weel aff wha ken naething 'bout him ava:
They ca' him Inspector, or Poor's Rates Collector—
My faith! he's weel kend in Leith, Peter M'Craw!
He ca's, an' he comes again—haws, an' he hums again,
He's only ae hand, but it's as gude as twa;
He pu's't out an' raxes, an' draws in the taxes,
An' pouches the siller—shame! Peter M'Craw!

He'll be at your door by daylight on a Monday,
On Tyesday ye're favoured again wi' a ca';
E'en a slee look he gied me at kirk the last Sunday,
Whilk meant—"*Mind the preachin' an' Peter M'Craw!*
He glowrs at my auld door as if he had made it,
He keeks through the keyhole when I am awa';
He'll syne read the auld stane, that tells a' wha read it
To "*blisse God for a' giftes*"*—but Peter M'Craw!

His sma' papers neatly are 'ranged a' completely,
That yours, for a wonder, 's the first on the raw!
There's nae jinkin Peter, nae antelope's fleeter—
Nae *cuttin'* acquantance wi' Peter M'Craw!
'Twas just Friday e'enin', Auld Reekie I'd been in,
I'd gatten a shillin'—I maybe gat twa;
I thought to be happy wi' friends ower a drappie,
When wha suld come pap in—but Peter M'Craw!

I'm auld now an' donner't, though yince I was honoured,
O Peter! tak' pity an' some mercy shaw!
I yince had a hunder o' notes—do ye wonder?—
Hae ye made as mony yet? Peter M'Craw!
My yill stands nae mair in yon auld girded barrel,
The rattans sit squeakin' in nooks o' the wa';
Nae bonnie lass now bakes for me scon or farle—
Ye've made a toom house to me! Peter M'Craw!

There's houp o' a ship though she's sair pressed wi' dangers,
An' roun' her frail timmers the angry winds blaw;
I've aften gat kindness unlooked for frae strangers,
But wha need houp kindness frae Peter M'Craw?
I've kent a man pardoned when just at the gallows,
I've kent a chiel honest whase trade was the law!
I've even kent fortune's smile fa' on gude fallows,
But I ne'er kent exceptions wi' Peter M'Craw!

Our toun, yince sae cheery, is dowie an' eerie,
Our shippies hae left us, our trade is awa';
There's nae fair maids strayin', nae wee bairnies playin',
Ye've muckle to answer for! Peter M'Craw!
But what gude o' grievin' as lang's we are leevin',
My banes I'll sune lay within yon kirk-yard wa';
There nae care shall press me, nae taxes distress me,
For there I'll be free frae thee,—Peter M'Craw!

* A devout legend, common in the sixteenth century, above the entrance of houses.